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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1956.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Hollow Promise

Of all the deceptions which the Russian leaders have practiced on their political associates, none has been more clearly exposed than their professed belief that there are more roads to Socialism (applying the Communist terminology for that political, economic and social system) than the one followed by the Soviet Union.

"There is more than one path to Socialism," declares Mr. Khrushchev, and says it as though he means it. Yet he is obviously reluctant to see any country dedicated to Communism take a path not being followed today by Russia.

Poland has, with considerable caution, endeavored to free herself somewhat from the shackles of Sovietism, but Mr. Gomulka has given no signs of indulging in any real deviation from the Russian line; he has won equality of status for Poland with the Soviet Union and some economic concessions. The country, however, remains enslaved to the one-party system and a brand of Socialism based on political coercion.

Hungary agreed with the Kremlin leaders that there was more than one path leading to Socialism, but the Hungarians made the grave mistake of demanding National Socialism as a replacement for imposed Sovietism. They wanted complete freedom, and because they were prepared to fight for it, are now in danger of being held in even greater and more ruthless bondage.

Thus when Khrushchev admits "mistakes" have been made in the past but that is all over, he is being glib but at the same time cynically dishonest. Any real deviation from the Russian path is today just as big a mistake as it was in the past. Russia intends to remain a George Orwell "Big Brother" to the satellites no matter what facade of external relations is built up.

For the satellites, the promise of being able to choose their own path to Socialism becomes hollow and a mockery when first, they regard what is taking place in Hungary, and then take cognizance of the intimidating re-deployment of Soviet troops throughout Eastern Europe and the Balkans. The meaning of it, is clear: Embrace Soviet Socialism or suffer the consequences.

RUSSIANS KIDNAP NAGY

Betrayed During Talks With Kadar

Vienna, Nov. 23.

A reliable source in Budapest told Router by phone tonight that Mr. Imre Nagy and his companions had been arrested and taken away by Russian soldiers this afternoon after they had talks with Mr. Janos Kadar, the Hungarian Prime Minister, in the parliament building in Budapest.

The source said that before his arrest, Mr. Nagy conferred with Kadar about the formation of a coalition government.

The two leaders were reported to have reached agreement and negotiations had been made for Mr. Nagy to speak over Budapest radio, the source said.

Mr. Nagy and Mr. Kadar were still negotiating when Russian soldiers came into the conference room in the parliament building at 4 p.m. and arrested Mr. Nagy and his companions.

Another report says that Mr. Nagy and other Hungarian leaders were taken to a Budapest military command post and then conducted to an unknown destination.

Belgrade radio cited its Budapest correspondent, who said his information came from reliable sources. Telephone calls to the homes of Nagy and his companions still remained unanswered, the radio said.

The broadcast said the mother of Mrs. Laszlo Rajk, widow of the former Hungarian Foreign Minister, who was executed in 1949, said her daughter had not returned home.

She said she did not know the whereabouts of Mrs. Rajk, who had been granted asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy, along with Nagy.

Paper's Account

Meanwhile, the Yugoslav Communist Party newspaper, Borba, published this account of Nagy's departure from its Budapest correspondent:

Nagy and his companions and a Soviet officer entered a special bus in front of the Yugoslav Embassy. The bus, escorted by one car in front and another behind, went to the Soviet command post.

The Yugoslav diplomats who had protested against the procedure were made to leave the bus before it got underway.

The diplomats said the procedure violated Hungarian-Yugoslav agreements but the protest was ignored by the Soviet officer.

At the Soviet command post, two tanks replaced the two escorting cars, and the convoy went off to an unknown destination.—Reuter and France-Press.

Troops Attempt To Stop Refugees

Vienna, Nov. 23.

Russian assault boats patrolled the Austro-Hungarian frontier canal today in a new bid to stem the mounting westward tide of Hungarian refugees.

One assault boat plainly visible to Austrian frontier guards was filled with 10 heavily armed Russian and Hungarian soldiers. Russian officers stood on the Hungarian side of the canal bank and supervised the assault boat patrol.

The assault boats patrolled past the shattered wooden bridges which the Russian dynamited two days ago. Austrian frontier guards said the Hungarian soldiers aboard were engineers. There were fears that they might be planning to lay mine-fields to trap the hapless refugees.

Throughout the day the intermittent rattle of machine-gun fire and rifle shots shattered the grim silence of the Iron Curtain zone.

The visible toughening of Russian action on the frontier followed a night in which a record 6,000 freezing men, women and children staggered to freedom in Austria. The new onrush brought the total of refugees to 60,000 since October 30.—United Press.

Soviet Soldiers Shot In Austrian Border Affray

Vienna, Nov. 23.

Two Soviet soldiers were wounded and one of them later died, following an incident with Austrian frontier guards today, the Austrian news agency reported.

The agency said that three Soviet soldiers, armed with sub-machineguns, were chasing some Hungarian refugees and penetrated about 200 metres into Austrian territory near the Rechnitz frontier post.

Two of the Soviet soldiers were claimed by Austrian guards. These two were seriously wounded.

The third managed to return to Hungarian territory. One of the wounded soldiers later died at Oberwarth hospital. The Austrian authorities are carrying out an investigation.—France-Press.

FINE AND PRISON FOR PROPRIETRESS OF THE AUGUST MOON TEAHOUSE

Tokyo, Nov. 23.

Mrs. Rose of the Teahouse of the August Moon of Okinawa, has been fined \$1,000 and sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment with hard labour.

The United States Far East Command announced today that she had been found guilty by a summary court martial of dealing illegally in uncustomed liquor.

The announcement said Mrs. Eiko Uehara, Rose

operated the Teahouse of the August Moon and was tried after law enforcement officers raided the establishment on charges that she knowingly imported 353 bottles of liquor without a customs permit, stored the same and decanted the contents of 60 bottles into new containers carrying tax stamps.

The announcement said she is the wife of a Department of the Army civilian employee.

The Command added that a civil administration court had convicted Earl P. Osborne, an employee of a service club, of supplying the liquor. Osborne was fined 60,000 yen plus one year's hard labour.

The sentence on Mrs. Rose is subject to review.—Reuter.

Peking's Road To Socialism Puzzling Russia

London, Nov. 23.

Soviet officials made the remarkable admission today that Red China is following her own road to socialism, independent of the traditional Moscow lead.

The Peking regime was using "entirely new ways and methods" to achieve socialism which were a complete departure from the traditional approach, the officials said.

Red China was said to be adapting the Marxist-Leninist dogmas to her specific requirements and circumstances.

The Soviet indications from Peking that Red China is quietly going her own way, in an apparent effort to free herself from the Kremlin's tutelage, ideological as well as political, Moscow appears both puzzled and worried over this trend of her biggest and most important ally which amounts to the emergence of a new brand of "Titoism" in the Far East.

But, say the Soviets, Peking is not attempting to spread its socialist evolution beyond its frontiers—at least not so far as the Kremlin's tutelage features to the Soviets of Red China's socialist evolution is Peking's alleged tolerance of co-operation with the remaining capitalist and bourgeois classes within the republic.

The Soviets fail to grasp that not only were they allowed to exist in Red China but that they were recognised by the regime. Instead of their alleged destruction the Peking regime is trying to re-educate members of the capitalist and bourgeois classes and to win them over by persuasion and example, the Soviets say.

Indirectly, this amounts to an open admission that Moscow no longer was the undisputed leadership in the sphere of Communist ideology in Asia or Europe.

But there were strong indications that Moscow was anxious to avoid any moves which might be considered an attempt at interference in Red China.

Peking's independence drive was reported recently to have gained momentum since the de-Stalinisation policy came into operation in Russia.

On-the-spot observers have reported that Red China has service to the new Soviet line both in regard to de-Stalinisation and collective leadership principles.—United Press.

Train Disaster

Madras, Nov. 23.

At least 104 people were killed today when the suburban Madras-Tuticorin express ran off the rails and plunged down a steep embankment.

Sixty injured are being treated in hospital.—Reuter.

Aircraft Crashes

Paris, Nov. 24.

An aircraft crashed near Paris tonight shortly after taking off from Orly airport. First reports said 25 people were on board.—Reuter.

REVIVE PACT PROPOSAL BY TITO

Belgrade, Nov. 23.

Yugoslavia desires a "revival" of the Balkan Pact between Yugoslavia, Turkey and Greece, in view of the international situation, informed sources said today.

The sources said that President Tito had recently sent a message to Turkish President Celal Bayar expressing the hope that tension between Turkey and Greece, caused by the Cyprus issue, would soon come to an end, and that the Balkan Pact would be revived.

At the same time, it was considered that the forthcoming visit to Yugoslavia of Greek Premier Constantinos Karamanlis would also be an occasion for discussing ways of implementing more effectively the Pact.

The Balkan Pact for the past year has been a dead letter.—France-Press.

UN Chided For Neglecting Chinese Refugees In HK

United Nations, Nov. 23.

Nationalist China asserted today that neglect of the problem of some 677,000 Chinese refugees in Hongkong did no credit to the United Nations.

Chinese Nationalist delegate Paonan Cheng, speaking in the General Assembly's Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee, urged to UN to make a beginning towards "alleviating the suffering of the patient Chinese refugees in Hongkong."

He noted that the problem of Hongkong refugees will be taken up by the executive committee of the UN refugee fund (UNREF) next January.

"I hope at that time that some members of the Committee will not use their legal talents to frustrate any attempt to render some assistance to my people and open their hearts to their fellow beings even though they may be several thousand miles away from Europe," Cheng said.

"A refugee is a fact and not a subject for definition... My delegation would be most disappointed if the UNREF Executive Committee fails to make a beginning in January, for years after we brought this matter to the attention of the United Nations. The term

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapior"

RACE 1

Dutch Courage
Gay Sire
Orange Beauty
Outsider:—Free Success.

RACE 2

Tumbleweed
Cursey
Full-of-Spirit
Outsider:—Snowy.

RACE 3

Hawaiian Moon
Hammer Mill
Attractive Power
Outsider:—Sultan.

RACE 4

Caesar
Flaming Wheel
Fenchurch
Outsider:—Hylamon.

RACE 5

Princess Ellen
Easy Win
Anethart
Outsider:—Oscar Prize.

RACE 6

Not So Bad
Advancement
Cornhill
Outsider:—The Kangaroo.

RACE 7

Flying Dutchman
Good Girl
Silver Dahlia
Outsider:—Fel Chi.

RACE 8

Supreme Command
Old Type
Al Gey
Outsider:—Mercury.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Dutch Courage
Gay Sire
Free Success
Outsider:—Orange Beauty.

RACE 2

Tumbleweed
Snowy
Full-of-Spirit
Outsider:—Cursey.

RACE 3

Hammer Mill
Hawaiian Moon
Fenchurch
Outsider:—Sultan.

RACE 4

Flaming Wheel
Diamond Danila
Caesar
Outsider:—Hylamon.

RACE 5

Ever-Glo
Easy Win
Princess Ellen
Outsider:—Pandora.

RACE 6

Thanksgiving Day
May Blossom
Not So Bad
Outsider:—Strathpeffer.

RACE 7

King Rider
Flying Dutchman
Good Girl
Outsider:—Fel Chi.

RACE 8

Mercury
Supreme Command
Mayfair
Outsider:—Apple Pie.

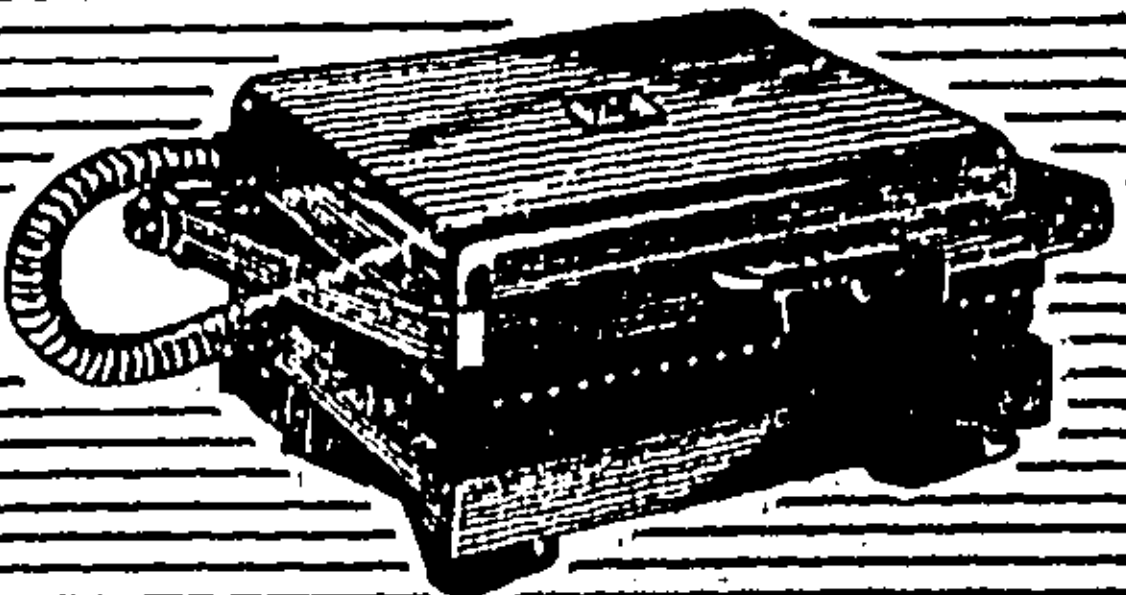
TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 4th race

Change this for a blow-out

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Vingt at Un in the last race, which won and paid a dividend of \$17.50.

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- SOME EXAMPLES OF COOKING TIMES
- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
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| Bacon | 10-20 seconds |
| Liver | 40-60 seconds |
| Sausages | 3-5 minutes |
| Chop (average size) | 8 minutes |

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CRISIS crowds at Whitehall. Londoners standing outside Downing Street as Ministers arrive at the Prime Minister's official residence for top-level conferences on the Middle East situation. Expressions are mixed — apprehension on some faces, curiosity of course, even gaiety. (Express)



A week-end air dash from London to Vienna by Welsh actor-playwright Emlyn Williams to trace his 21-year-old son Alan — missing after going on a mercy mission to Hungary — ended with the news that he was among Britons taking shelter in the British Legation in Budapest. Alan, a Cambridge undergraduate, went to help the Red Cross. Emlyn Williams and wife are seen at London Airport on their return. (Express)



AFTER a Buckingham Palace investiture, RSM Veronica Hildeyard with the MBE insignia which she received for her services during the 18 years she has been in the Women's Royal Army Corps. Seen with her are her parents. (Army News)



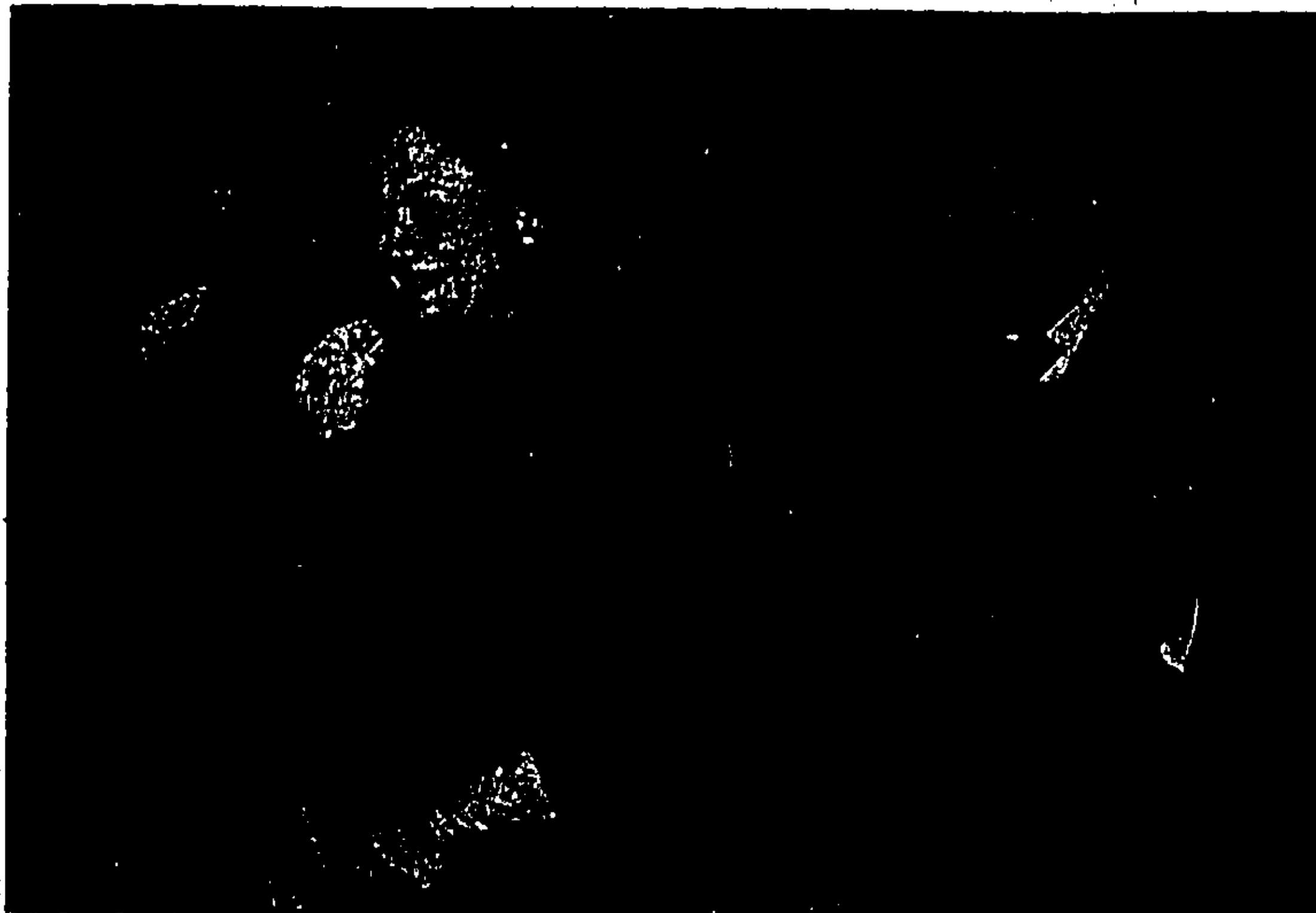
LONDON students being held off by policemen as they tried to storm the building of the British Communist newspaper, the Daily Worker. Earlier they had demonstrated in sympathy with Hungary outside the Soviet Embassy. It was the second demonstration in two days. (Express)



ITALIAN film heart-throb Rossano Brazzi arriving at the Comedy Theatre, London, for a performance of Arthur Miller's "A View From the Bridge." The lady is Signora Brazzi. He is at work in England on a new film. (Express)



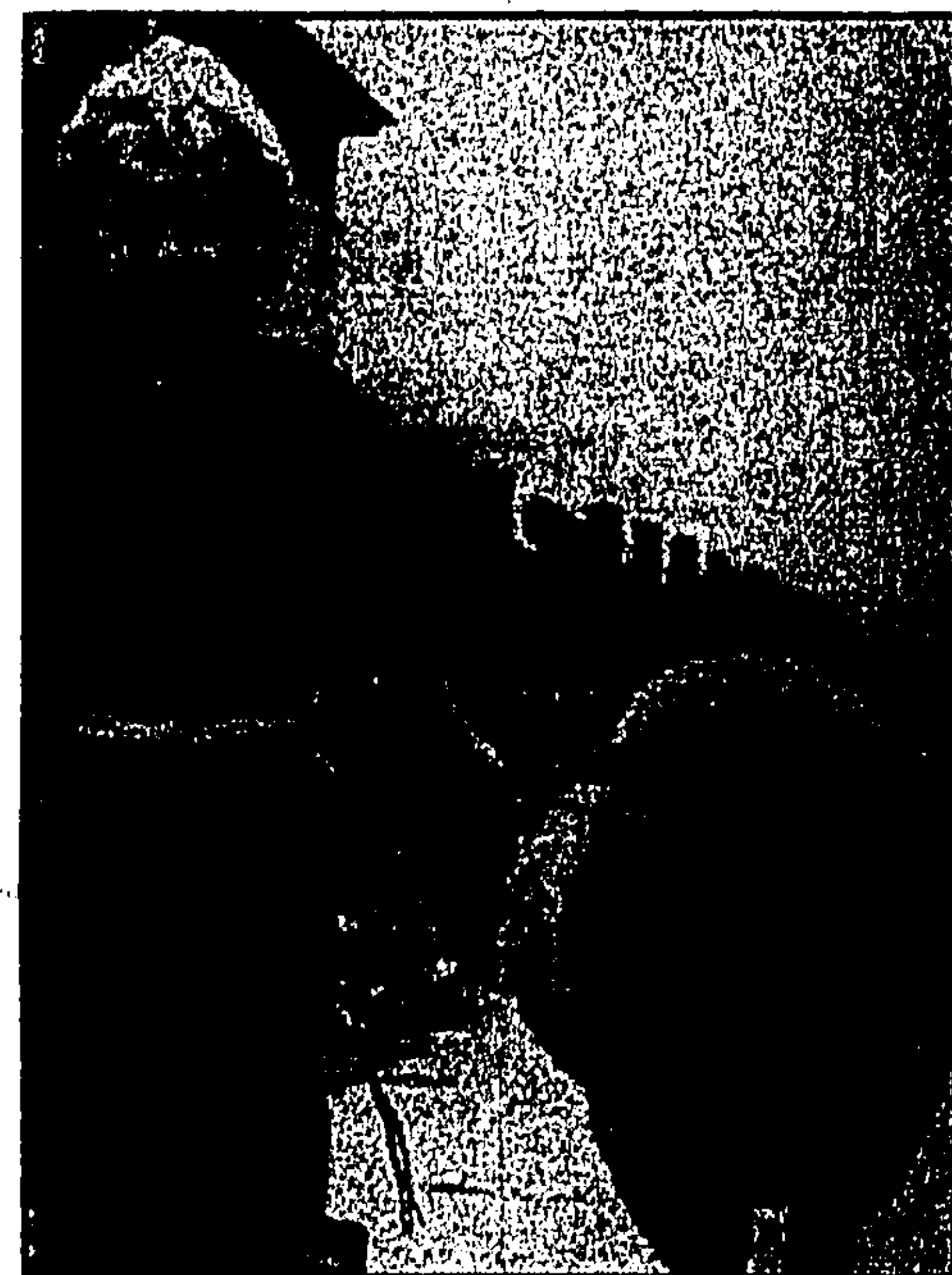
FLAMBOYANT, blonde film actress Diana Dors and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who were understood to have split during her trip to Hollywood, are now rumoured to have patched up the rift following her return to England. They are seen together in London. (Express)



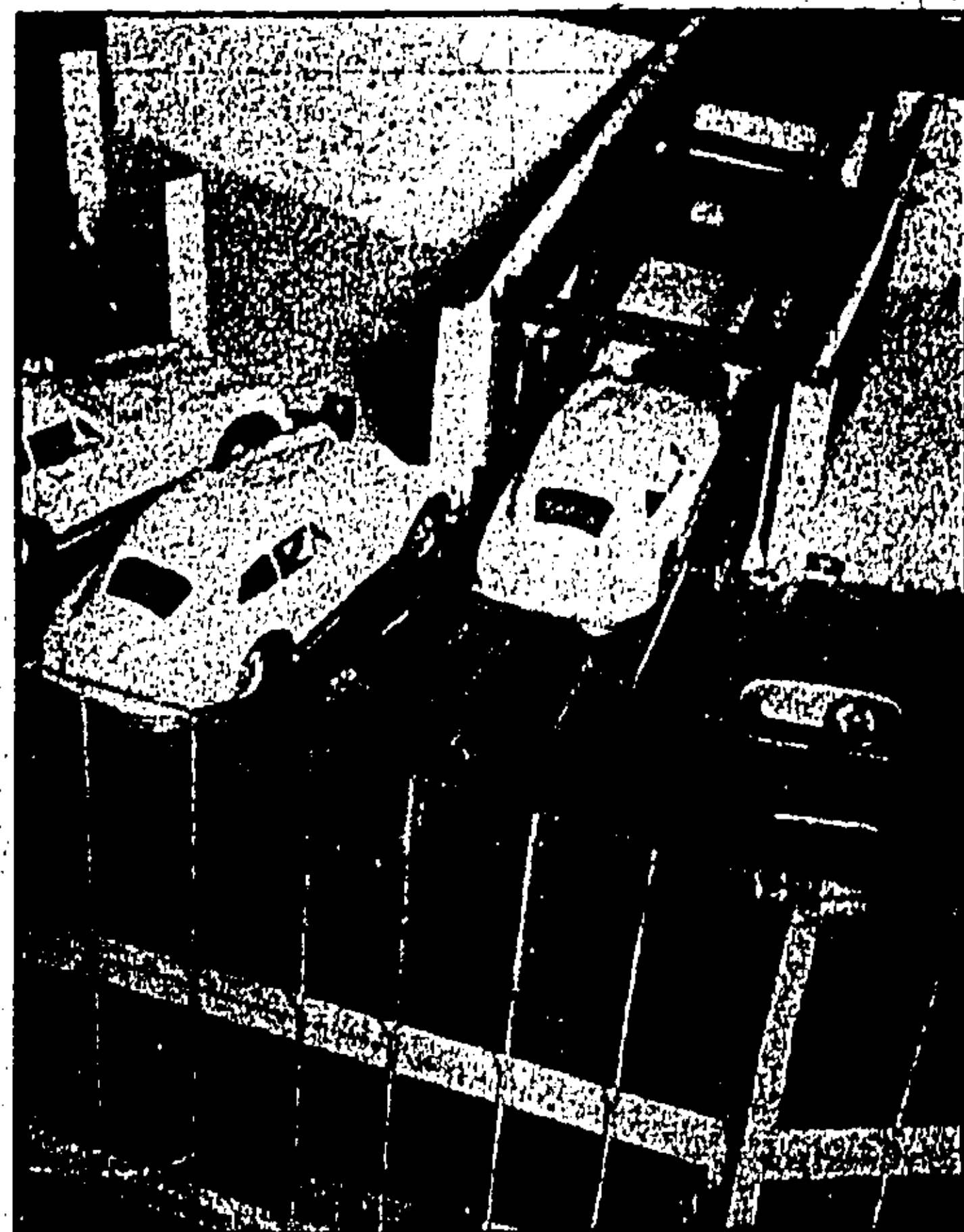
BELOW: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their arrival at Victoria Station, London. They were cheered by a large crowd. This is the first visit to Britain in three years for the Duchess, who recently published her memoirs. (Express)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN watching a 16th century masque performed by barristers at Gray's Inn, London. It was the first time a reigning monarch had visited the Inn since Charles I did so 286 years ago. And the masque, "The Prince of Purpoole III," was last performed in 1594 before Queen Elizabeth I. (Express)



RIGHT: This young English girl has provided a variation to the famous nursery rhyme. Seven-year-old Susan Roper, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, with her four-week-old lamb named Larry. The lamb actually belongs to her brother, but Susan took him in hand, fed him on a bottle, and it was not long before Larry was following her around like a dog. Now, wherever Susan goes, the lamb goes too. Says her mother: "At the rate she's going, we'll soon have a farmyard around us. Besides Larry, she has a pony, a dog and a cat." (Express)



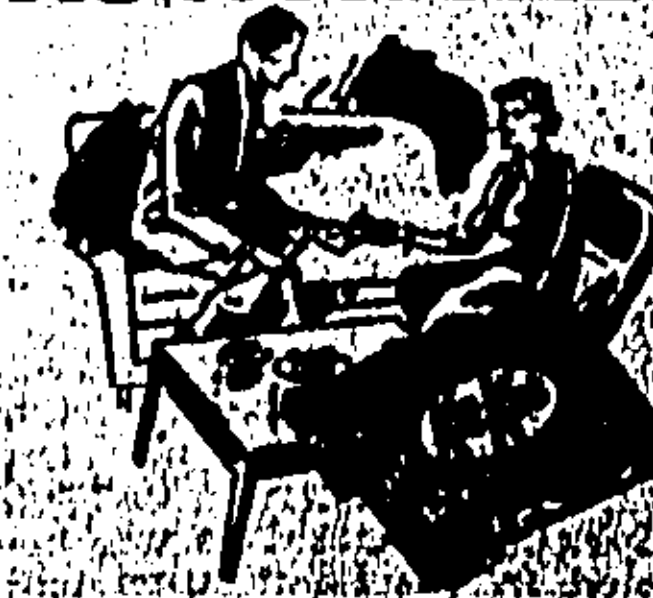
HOW the proposed merry-go-round garage for London will work. The inside of a model of the Rotapark, which will be 12 storeys high and will hold about 400 cars. The floors are like revolving wheels, and cars are taken up to the desired floor and position by four lifts in the centre hub. All the work is to be done by an electronic brain. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



A TEA TIME TREAT

Afraid To Eat The Pips?

By CEDRIC CARNE

"DON'T" the harassed mother had said to the child in the bus, "don't swallow the orange pips."

"Why not?" the boy asked.

"Because, well, because," the mother looked baffled.

Some of the passengers had laughed. All the same, I knew that the woman in the bus was really worried about appendicitis. Thousands of people believe appendicitis is due to swallowing indigestible articles like orange or apple pips. But though I've seen innumerable patients with a pips trouble, only once has that theory been valid. On that occasion, when the appendix was opened, a hard pea which presumably had resisted boiling—was found.

I told this to my patient, Mr. Hollis, who was convalescing after having his appendix removed.

"I'm surprised," he said. "Mother would never let me eat tomatoes for fear of appendicitis. She was particularly concerned because all my elder brothers had to have the operation. But tomatoes or not, I had appendicitis finally."

TWIN SYMPTOMS

"It tends to run in families," I said. "For a matter of fact, not so long ago, my twins were admitted to hospital at the same time suffering from appendicitis. On operation the appendix in both cases was exactly the same shape and size, and in the same condition."

Mr. Hollis's attack had started a few weeks ago. My telephone bell rang suddenly in the early hours of the morning to wake me up. Some time later I was at Mr. Hollis's bedside. He had a diffuse vague ache located in the middle of the abdomen. Later the pain became localised in the right side above the groin.

I told him he had acute appendicitis and advised him to have the appendix removed. He had had a number of mild attacks previously. And the more mild attacks a person has the more liable are they to recur.

"I'm glad you advised me to have it out," he said. "Now that the operation was over, 'it wasn't really an ordeal'."

WITHOUT GAS

I told him that the first recorded surgical removal of an appendix was on December 6, 1735 by a British surgeon, Claudius Amyand. The operation took half an hour—a lengthy period on a clearing anaesthetic had by that time been discovered.

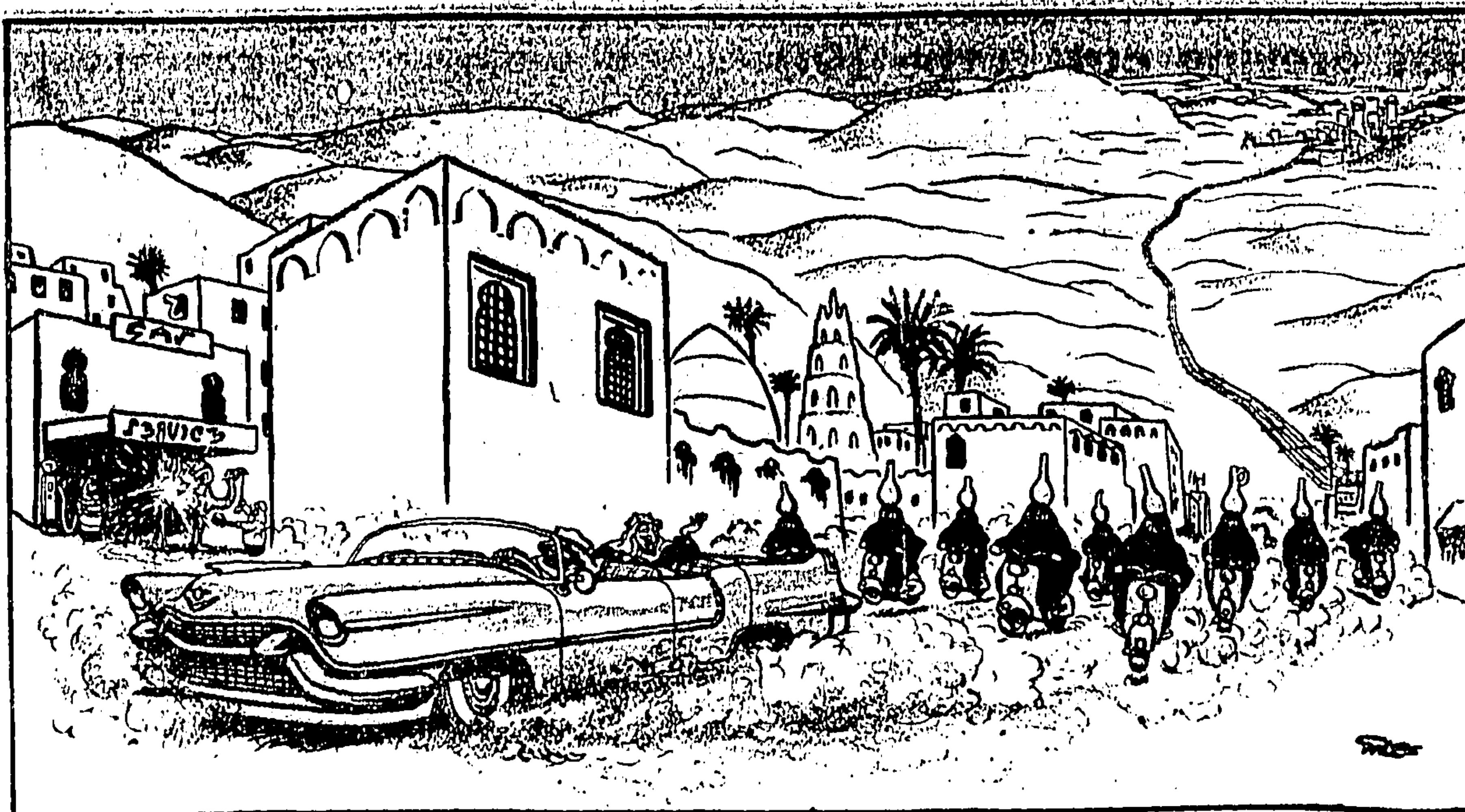
"Yes, it's all over now," Mr. Hollis confirmed. "Just one, two, three and you don't know anything about it with these new anaesthetics. Still, isn't appendicitis more common these days than it used to be?"

It is commoner than it was, even allowing for better diagnosis. Nowadays, removal of the appendix accounts for more than half of all abdominal emergency operations. Some people believe it is because more people are eating meat. Certainly vegetarians do not suffer from appendix trouble so commonly.

Then again, there are all those people who have rapid abdominal discomfort and flatulence from time to time. Such dyspepsia is not necessarily due to stomach acidity or ulcers but to a chronic appendicitis. These symptoms clear up when the appendix is removed. But this sort of chronic appendicitis is difficult to diagnose. Not infrequently a normal appendix is removed in error.

"How was mine?" Mr. Hollis said anxiously.

"Dissected," I said, and, satisfied, he smiled, proudly and radiantly.



"Once more round the block, O loved ones. We've got to use the damn stuff up somehow."

MY SON AND I: HE WILL WORK IN A PUSH-BUTTON AGE. BUT

I DON'T WANT HIM TO FIND HIS JOB TOO EASY

I'VE been reading a lot about automation lately. The papers were full of it earlier this year—and, frankly, as a mother, I find the prospect of push-button factories worrying.

I'm not sure I want my son to live in a world where machines take over so drastically from men.

I know from experience that it's more fun working hard than idling. I want my son to have to work hard for his living in his early years. I want him to have an absorbing job, and one no machine can ever take from him.

I'm old enough to remember the hungry early 30's, the great depression, and what it did to the men who found no one else to turn to but their own hands.

That must never happen to my son.

So I want to be the leaders in industry and the technologists to ask them what automation would really mean to my boy and how he could best protect himself from it.

Nervous

I FOUND the industrial giants nervous of mentioning the word, "Robot." It's the biggest question mark in my son's future.

For automation, I soon learnt, would give my son's wife a far higher standard of living than I enjoy, or it could deprive her of the things my mother managed without, but which I take for granted.

I took my problem first to Dr. J. Bronowski, chief of the Coal Board Research Station at Cheltenham, and our family's TV pin-up boy. His brains trust answers are so sane I felt he

RHONA CHURCHILL continues her talks with men who should know what the future holds, and how parents can prepare their sons to meet it.

would, as a scientist and economist, give me sound advice.

I was right, Dr. B. has three young children, so he, too, has a big stake in the future. In fact, the training of youth for the new scientific age has become his hobby-horse.

"Your son must study science at school," he told me. "That's absolutely vital in this day and age, with science developing so rapidly."

"It doesn't matter what career he eventually chooses, he will need to have a basic knowledge of the language of science to pass as an educated man in the 1970's. Without it he'll get left behind."

"He must learn now to think of the world in terms of atoms and their make-up, and to understand and use quite naturally words which are strange to you."

"And automation?" I asked. "I don't want a machine taking over my son's job."

"Automation will have a profound effect on life in Britain when your son is around 30."

SCIENCE IS A MUST says Dr. J. Bronowski (top) and Sir Ewart Smith.



Higher standard

"If factories work multiple shifts there will have to be round-the-clock facilities for entertainment and shopping. Productivity will rise, and with it our standard of life, provided we use automation intelligently."

"People may, at first, abuse their new-found leisure, but not for long. That is human nature."

"Your son will probably do more gardening, more home carpentry, and more reading than his father has been able to do. Develop his interest in hobbies."

"It is hard to say how quickly these changes will come. A war might accelerate them, an economic crisis would slow them down. They will certainly come faster in America than in Britain, because America can more readily afford the capital outlay."

For more detailed knowledge of how my son should prepare himself for an automatic world, I went to Sir Patrick Hennessy, British chief of Ford, and Sir Ewart Smith, technological chief of I.C.I. and chairman of the British Productivity Council.

I told Sir Ewart that my son, like all his school-mates, had been cramming Latin since the age of seven, in order to reach the 13-year-old common entrance standard.

"It seems to me all wrong that a dead language should still be thought so vital in this scientific age," I said. "What do you think, as a man at the head of a firm employing 100,000 and facing automation?"

"You're right," he said. "Your son would have better off studying physics. It provides a more logical discipline than Latin, and, at the same time, is useful as a foundation for all technical and scientific work."

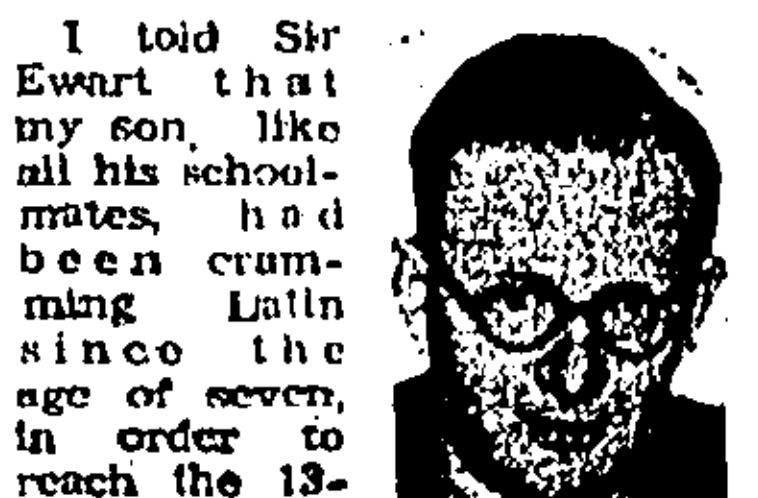
"Keep your son at school and college as long as you can. Eventually, if we are to hold our own as an industrial nation, we shall have to raise our school-leaving age and lengthen the period of university courses. But these changes may come too late to benefit your son."

"If he is interested in engineering he can't go wrong if he learns to understand the new and complicated machinery now being designed. Britain is going to be very short of engineers."

A flair

INCREASED automation will also mean increased efficiency and better management if Britain is to survive as an economic power. Without it, say the experts, our nation will become an economic nonentity.

Frankly, I'd rather my son became a manager than an engineer. I've watched him succeed as a Scout patrol leader. He has a flair for running things and organising.



Sir Patrick Hennessy

So I asked Sir Patrick, at Ford: "How can I help my son to become a manager in a big outfit like yours?"

"You can do a lot to foster the necessary characteristics in your son. Develop his courage and independence. Don't send him to the university just for the sake of broadening his outlook."

"A university education is important for the scientist and the professional, but I don't believe in it as a preparation for life. Life is the best university. Send your boy round the world, working his passage."

"Remember that the man is more important than his technical qualifications. Concerns for youngsters with high integrity, strong personality, great enthusiasm, complete absorption in the job, and a flair for getting on with their fellowmen at all levels. Such men make good managers."

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THERE'S NO SLEEP FOR MISTER UN

DURING the past few days Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has slept only four hours out of every 24.

They call him the man with the most impossible job in the world.

He is at the centre of a spider's web of world crises. He is tired to his bones and looks it.

But his prestige and standing at a time when the future of the United Nations is at stake have never been higher.

His friends say: that if any man can save the United Nations, the world's peace headquarters, from implosion, and fulfill the 51-year-old Swedish banker Hammarskjöld can.

Tens of millions of Americans watched him on television, head bowed, eyes heavy with

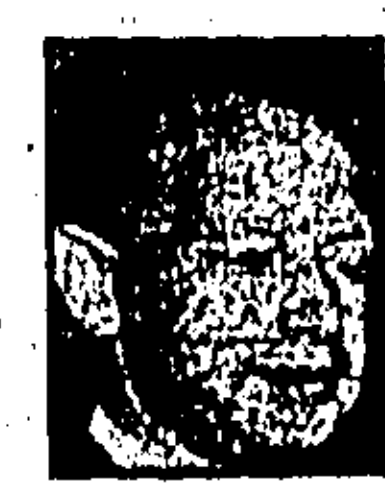
weariness as he presided over one crisis session after another. They observed his patience, his skill in preventing debates from getting out of hand, and his obvious dedication to his job.

There was one spell when reports flooded the United Nations glasshouse on the East River that he was going to resign.

He denies the report, but I believe that he felt that the United Nations was near collapse and his own work had ended in failure.

Today he is more optimistic. Dr. Hammarskjöld was chosen Secretary-General in March 1955 and, ironically, he was the candidate of Britain and France. They and every other nation expected him to confine himself to being an administrator.

No one suspected that Hammarskjöld, who says that his name should be pronounced Hammarsheld, because that is



Hammarskjöld

what it means, would become a world personality overshadowing his predecessor, Trygve Lie.

Hammarskjöld never wanted to occupy the headlines and the spotlight.

When he announced one of his first hurried peace trips, to Feeding, a correspondent said: "It will be spectacular."

And Hammarskjöld replied: "Too spectacular."

I have watched him work for three years, this blond, quiet man whose face is now lined with anxiety.

He has become a little irritable lately. And no wonder, after having to listen to the sleek, pomaded gentlemen from the Arab States talking in Oxford accents about the British being naive and fascists.

By DON IDDON

"I'm sick of mountain and poetry talk."

There has not been much time for mountain climbing or reading poetry lately.

Hammarskjöld, when he can get away from the United Nations, returns to his Park Avenue apartment, and sometimes gets a couple of days at his country home near Brewster, New York.

From New York, his telephone is 2,700 miles and his fax 200 miles away. He has 12,000 expense statements to

climbing the public has a picture of me with an olive stick in one hand and a volume of Eliot in the other.

"That's not me at all. It's a caricature."

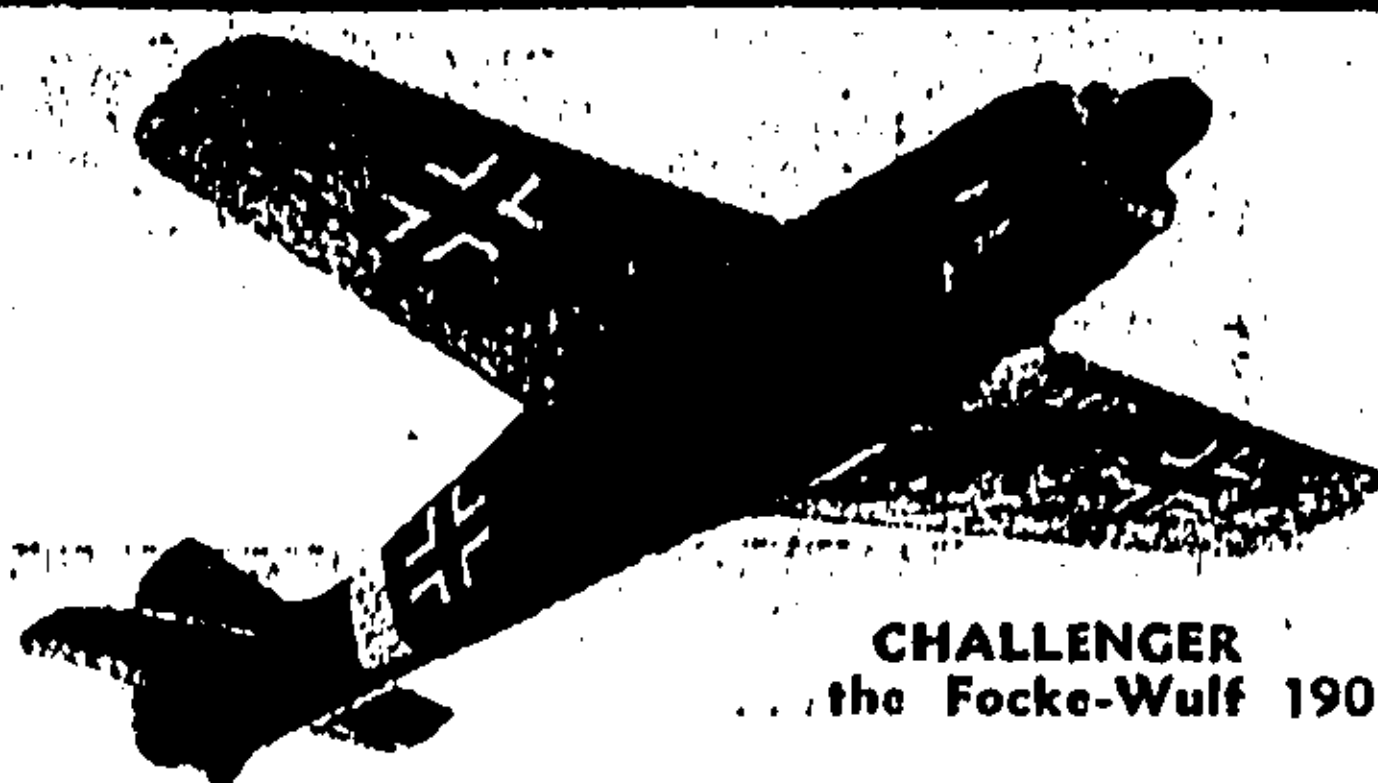
"Everywhere I go mountains and T. S. Eliot. That's all I hear."

He likes good wine and good food, frequently entertaining and is entertained but has cut out almost all parties during the past two weeks.

He never red tapes savagely. When he first became Secretary-General he astonished his staff by saying: "It is absurd to run me in a special express elevator to my office. I'll ride with everyone else."

Sometimes he lunches in the cafeteria on a tray.

He is not disturbed by the noise of the United Nations. He says: "The world could not live at peace without the United Nations."



MY ESCAPE AT DIEPPE

DISCOURAGE the presence of wives—that was a lesson I learned during my first summer of intensive air fighting.

I saw too often the ill effects of mixing marriage and war. I remember the wife of one particular officer—rather older than the rest of us—who was missing from a fighter sweep over France.

For weeks we had no news of him. And day after day his wife, a woman with a flat, unhappy voice, telephoned or turned up in person to ask for news. I suppose we were a callous lot, but we came to dislike and resent the sound and sight of her.

HARROWING

IN her sorrow and harrowing anxiety this unfortunate woman wore down our patience. Her continued presence on the fringe of our squadron life had a lowering effect on morale.

When I was appointed to command a squadron I soon found that I was to be involved in the agony of bereaved wives and parents, whether they lived close at hand or far away. I had a sharp introduction into the most disagreeable of all duties faced by a commanding officer in wartime: that of writing to the next-of-kin of missing pilots. The writing of those letters was often a soul-searing business. My first major

action as a Squadron Leader was in August 19, 1942, the day of the disastrous and clumsily executed combined operation against Dieppe.

Our losses were grievous. There were plenty of letters written to wives and parents after that affair.

Four times I led 610 Squadron into the fight. And the opening round was the most savage and punishing of them all.

In the cold, grey early morning we took off from West Malling, in Kent, flying as a wing of 36 planes. Wing Commander Pat Jameson, a New Zealander, was Wing Leader. The other two squadrons were 411 (Canadian) Squadron and 485 (New Zealand) Squadron. It was the last time that day we could muster 36 planes between us.

TOP COVER

FOR the greater part of our journey across the Channel Jameson held us just above the choppy sea. About 10 miles from Dieppe we began the climb to our allotted height of 10,000 feet. My squadron was top cover for the wing.

I was greying out... the 190 was on my tail... I dived down to the sea...

It is 1942, Johnnie Johnson, top-scoring Allied fighter pilot of the war, is given command of a squadron—and is ordered to lead them into the "ill-conceived, clumsily executed" attack on Dieppe.

A heavy pall of black smoke hung over Dieppe. As we went in I heard some wing leader shouting instructions to his pilots.

"Fight your way out now. Get out! Watch these 190s above us. All 190s aircraft—get out, get out!"

BAFFLED

AHEAD of us Spitfires, Messerschmitts, and Focke-Wulfs milled about the sky. It was too early to search for an opening, since the 190s had the height on us, and my task was to keep the squadron together as long as possible and guard the rest of the wing below.

My senior flight commander, Denis Crowley-Milling, called a break and we swung round together to find the 190s at our own level in pairs and fours, and seemingly baffled by our move. A 190 pulled up in front of my own section and I gave him a long burst from maximum range. Surprisingly the enemy plane began to smoke, the wheels dropped and it fell away to the sea. Crowley transmitted his voice as cheerful as ever.

"Good shooting, Johnnie."

The Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs came down on us from astern and the flanks. They were full of fight, and for a time we could think of nothing but evasion and staying alive. During a steep turn I caught a glimpse of a strong formation of enemy fighters heading towards Dieppe from inland, and I called a warning to the wing leader.

"Jamie, strong enemy reinforcements coming in. About 50-plus. Over."

ALONE....

JAMIE was hard at it. He called 11 Group to ask for assistance. During a lull in the attacks my own section, now reduced to three aircraft, fastened on to a solitary Messerschmitt and sent it spinning down. Then they came at us again. Later we estimated that we saw well over 100 enemy fighters.

Three Spitfires from my squadron were shot down already. I saw my own wingman, the Australian sergeant-pilot "South" Cragg, planing down, streaming white glycol from his engine. It was impossible to protect him, for if we took our eyes off the enemy fighters for a second they would give us the same treatment. They're bound to finish him off as he tumbles his crippled Spitfire, I thought.

I still had one Spitfire alongside, but I lost him when we broke in opposite directions. Then I was alone in the hostile sky.

Stuck over and well forward, I plunged into a near-vertical dive—a dangerous manoeuvre, for the 190 was more stable and faster than my Spitfire in such a descent, but I had decided on a possible method of escape. At ground-level I pulled into another steep turn, and as

AN ITALIAN?

I SPOTTED a solitary aircraft I over the town. I eased towards him and recognised the enemy fighter as a Focke-Wulf 190—the new type of German fighter which was to come close to regaining air superiority for the Luftwaffe during the next 18 months. This was my first meeting with a breed which I quickly learned to respect—and fear.

For once I was not harried and I yawned my Spitfire to cover the blind spot behind me. But these movements attracted the attention of the enemy pilot and he snaked towards me, almost head on. We both turned hard to the left and whirled round on opposite sides of what seemed to be an ever-decreasing circle.

The 190 bore strange markings on the side of its fuselage just below the cockpit. This painted crest looked very similar to the markings of the Italian Air Force, and I thought, "This pilot is an Italian!"

MY MISTAKE

WE had not seen them since they had received some severe treatment over the Thames Estuary towards the end of the Battle of Britain. We had been looking for them ever

since, for we had little regard for their fighting qualities in the air.

Feeling certain of victory, I forgot the vulnerability of a lone Spitfire and lightened my turn to get on his tail.

With wide-open throttle I held the Spitfire in the tightest of shuddering vertical turns. I was greying-out, and where was this Italian, who should, according to my reckoning, be filling my gunsight? I couldn't see him, and little wonder, for the brute was gaining on me and in another couple of turns would have me in his sight.

WE DODGED

THE over-confidence of but a few seconds before had already given way to irritation at losing my opponent. And irritation was quickly replaced by a sickening apprehension. I asked the Spitfire for all she'd got in the turn, but the 190 hung behind and continued to gain. It could only be a question of time, and not much of that!

Stick over and well forward, I plunged into a near-vertical dive—a dangerous manoeuvre, for the 190 was more stable and faster than my Spitfire in such a descent, but I had decided on a possible method of escape. At ground-level I pulled into another steep turn, and as

another steep turn, and as

slammed the nose down and eased out a few feet above the sea.

I broke hard to the left and searched for the 190, but he was no longer with me. Either the flak had put him off or, better still, had nailed him. I made off at high speed to West Malling, glad to be a full alive.

Other pilots of the wing came home singly and in pairs. But many planes were missing. As the day wore on and sortie followed sortie, the strength of the wing was sadly depleted.

Fighter command was bested by the Luftwaffe that day. We lost two planes for every enemy destroyed—a fair indication of the all-round superiority of the Focke-Wulfs over our Spitfire Vs.

OUT OF THE SUN: PART THREE

by JOHNNIE JOHNSON

Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O. & 2 bars, D.F.C. and bar

I gauged the height and watched the rooftops I caught a glimpse of the promenade, of stationary tanks, of the white casino and a deserted beach.

The 190 was still behind, and for a few seconds we dodged round the spires and columns of smoke. Then I made my big throw him off.

A short distance off-shore, I could see a destroyer surrounded by a cluster of smaller ships. We had been carefully briefed not to fly below 4,000 feet over the shipping, otherwise they would open fire. But that was a minor consideration, compared with this 190 on my tail.

I rammed the throttle into the emergency position, broke off my turn, and at sea-level headed straight at the destroyer.

Flak and tracer came straight at me from the destroyer, and more, slower tracer from the 190 passed over the top of the cockpit. At the last moment I pulled over the destroyer, then

stayed with Cocky, who was my best man. He was commanding a Typhoon squadron at nearby Matlock. There was a prolonged party to mark my last hours as a bachelor, and I remember that rather a lot of cars got bent—including the Camp Commandant's vintage Bentley in which I left a road and ended up in a ploughed field.

After the wedding Paula and I set out for the honeymoon in my little Morris two-seater. The years stretched ahead into infinity and, like many others, we snatched some happiness while we could. We agreed that so long as I remained on ops she should continue to live at home. I had seen too much of the camp followers.

In Scotland we trained hard and established a local record for the number of bullets dispatched at air and ground targets. We found that Calumness contained far more than sleep and we fell under the spell of its wild beauty and the warm hospitality of its inhabitants.

I got married. And my squadron, instead of moving further south, was posted for the winter to Castleown, the most northerly airfield on the British mainland.

"Fighter Command was bested by the Luftwaffe that day... our losses were grievous."



DRAWING BY OLIPHANT

I have already written of my firm conviction that wives and air fighting do not mix well together. Of my firm resolve that serious affairs of the heart should wait until after the war. But that was before I met the beautiful Paula Ingate.

She was working in the Norwich operations room of the Auxiliary Fire Service. We began to see a lot of each other. We fell in love. We became engaged.

The wedding took place in Norwich in November. I had flown down from Scotland and

They were not bad days at all. But they did not last long. The C-in-C of Fighter Command, Air Marshal Sir Spenser Douglas, did not forget the promise he had made: when Paula had produced a son, to him about a car. He honoured that promise when, in January 1943, 610 Squadron received orders to move back to the battle area.

And so, once again, I found myself based at Tangmere.

EXAMPLE

IT was almost two years since Douglas Bader had begun to lead the Tangmere Wing from the same airfield, and, curiously enough, another legless pilot now joined the squadron.

Colin Hodgkinson lost both his legs after a crash when serving with the Fleet Air Arm, but, following Bader's example and showing the same indomitable spirit, he flew operationally and soon proved to be a valuable and aggressive member of our small team.

Soon after our arrival we gave a party in our quarters, Woodcote Farm, and invited perhaps 60 or 70 officers from the other squadrons and the station. After all the guests had departed, a few of us sat among the debris, chatting about the evening and drinking a hot half pint of beer. Hodgkinson made his excuses and clumped across the stone flags of the hall and up the stairs.

Suddenly there was a loud crash when the legless pilot stumbled against the handbars and fell to the flagstones 10 feet below. We rushed into the floor. I hurried over to see if he was badly hurt.

HEAD ON!

HE sat up and rubbed his head. "That was a hell of a drop," I said. "Are you all right? What about your legs, Colin?"

"Oh, they're quite all right, sir," he answered. "Are you sure? Perhaps we'd better call the doc?" I suggested.

"No, thank you, sir. You see, I fell on my head!"

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

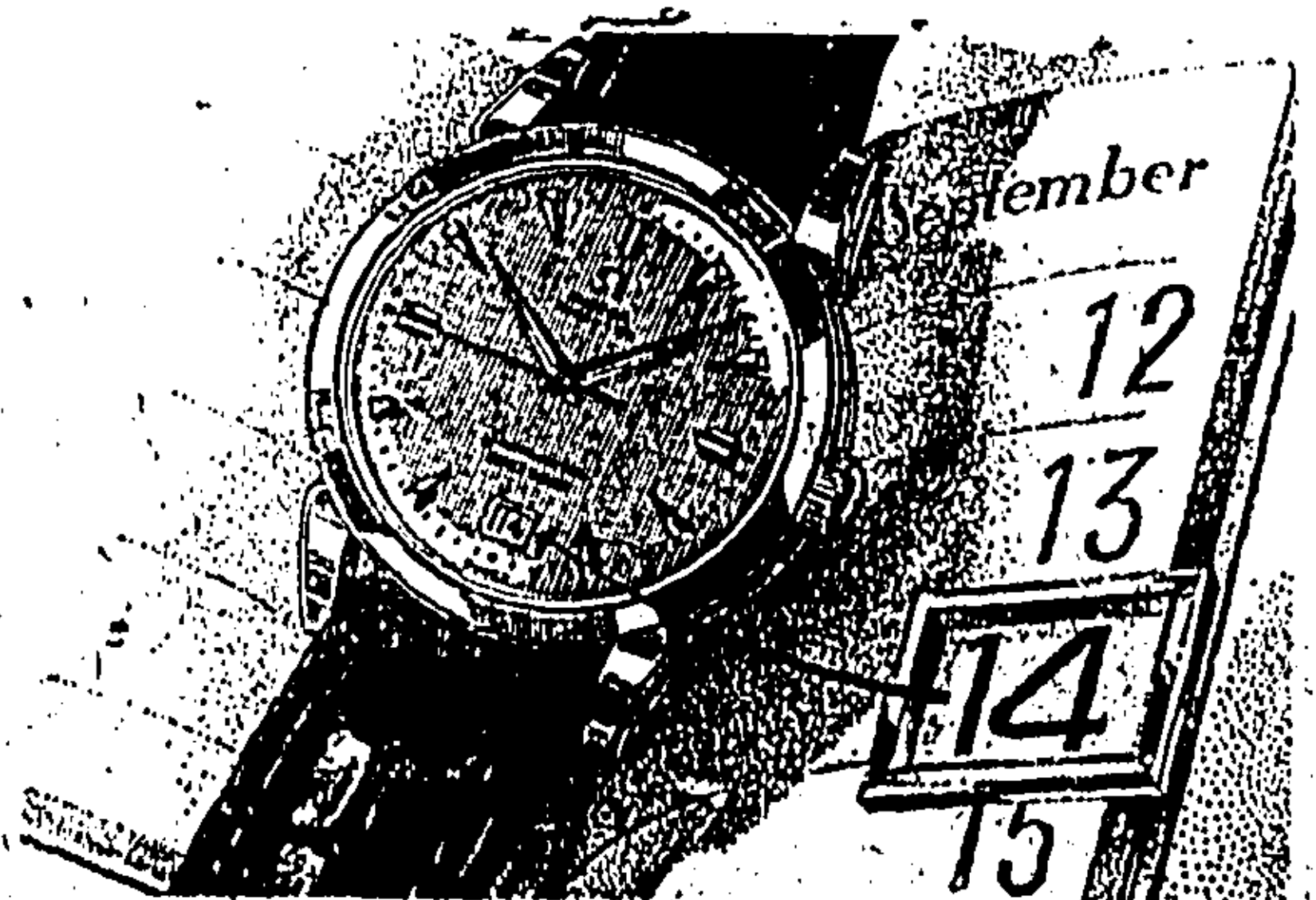


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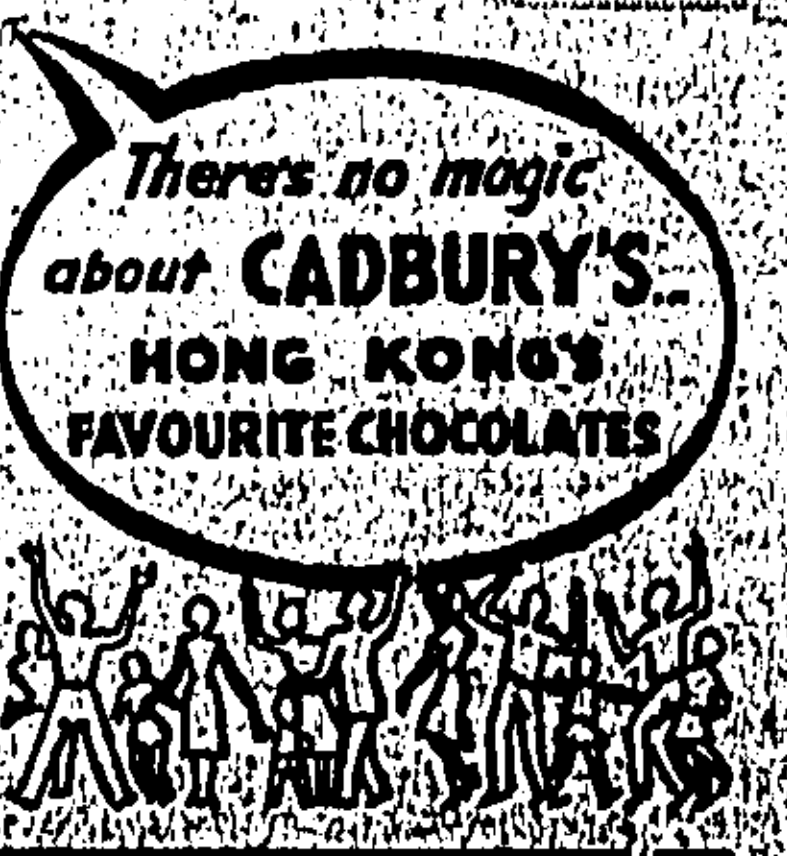
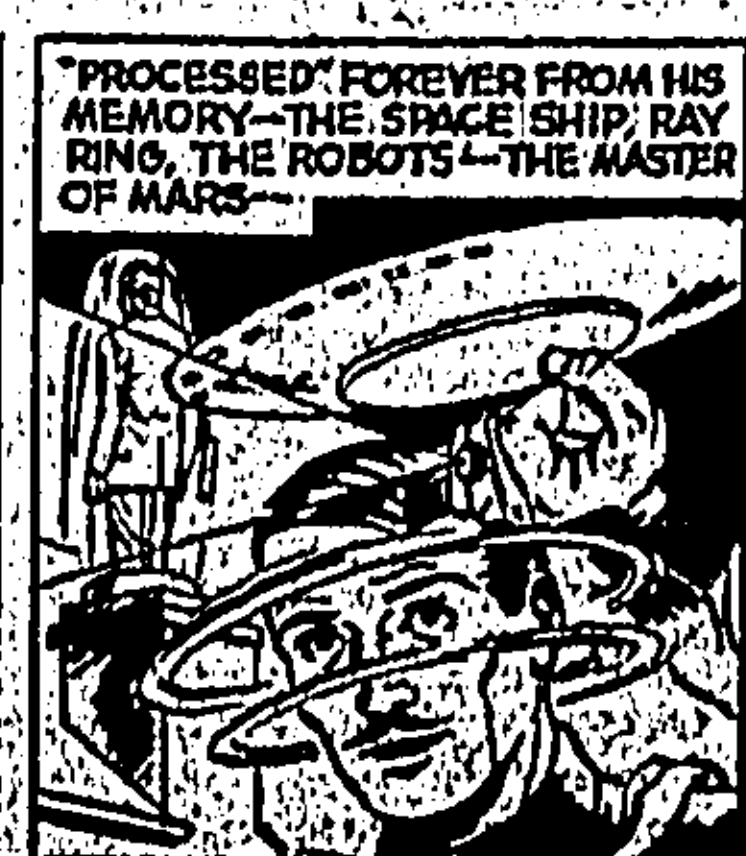
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



The Nelson signal—the theory is 'He never sent it...'

By JOHN WILSON

ONE of the Royal Navy's oldest traditions, Nelson's famous Trafalgar signal "England expects..." is being challenged by a retired naval rating at Portsmouth. "It could never have been made," claims Mr. Ernest George Walder, 76-year-old former Yeoman of Signals.

Mr. Walder began his investigation in 1907. He was serving in Nelson's old flagship, the *Trafalgar*, and could find no reference to the signal.

He says that the signal would have needed at least 12 hoists and could not have been made in one hour and much less in the fleet.

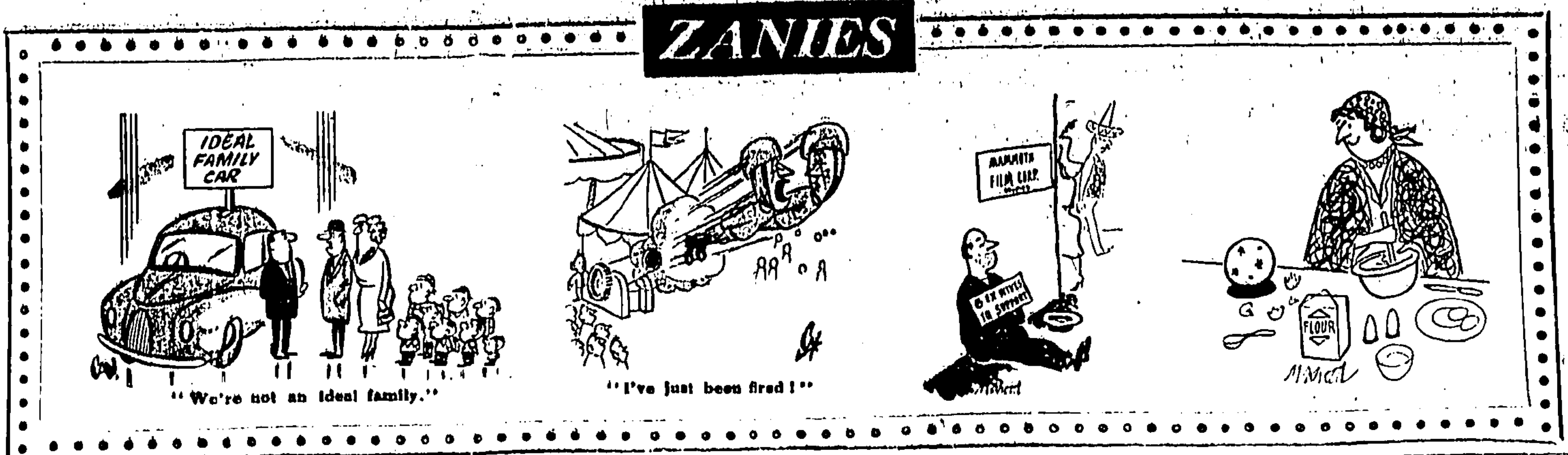
"What about it is going to be that much when he is going into battle?" Mr. Walder asks.

Mr. Walder retired from the Navy in 1921, after spending another 24 years working in a signal establishment.

I know the subject thoroughly and I am convinced that the signal is a legend," he said.

But in the Victoria, now a museum piece in Portsmouth dockyard, Lieutenant Stanley Noble, the officer in command, commented:

"According to all our records the signal was made and it is mentioned in all the narratives of the battle."



SATURDAY NIGHT...THE GAY NIGHT...THE NIGHT OF SOFT MUSIC...AND GLITTERING NEON. WHAT GOES ON IN LONDON, THE TOWN WHERE ALL THE BIG NAMES GATHER?...SATURDAY NIGHT IN LONDON.

Find me a girl friend says Billy Wallace...

by RODERICK MANN



LONDON.

BILLY WALLACE said: "I want the waiter with the wine."

The wine waiter hovering by our table winced visibly.

I winced too.

I had primed them all in my Mayfair club that I was arriving with Princess Margaret's closest friend. Everything had to be laid on. Wines were to be chilled; champagne prepared.

But not during the meal. As soon as I saw the waiter, I said: "Make with the wine."

But the waiter, who was a young fellow, said: "My drinking days are finished. I have been quite of late."

"That's all right," I said. "I have been quite of late myself. I have been quite of late myself. I have been quite of late myself."

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"That's all right," I said. "I have been quite of late myself. I have been quite of late myself. I have been quite of late myself."

I would say because he is one of the few men to master the happy knack of treating a woman like a woman without forgetting she is a woman.

He is certainly the only man I know ever to stand her up. Once, when he had a date at Clarence House, his mother flew home unexpectedly.

Wallace called the Princess. "I wish you'd introduce me. The Wallace Collection is getting dangerously low."

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"I wish you'd introduce me. The Wallace Collection is getting dangerously low."

I ask him how he spent his birthday.

"Chipping a 10-ton memorial stone for the new T.U.C. headquarters," says Epstein. "It's nearly finished."

With a chuckle he adds: "And so am I."

Local colour

YES... Saturday night in London, the restaurants and clubs crowded.

I see the Ben Lyons, scriptwriter Michael Pertwee, producer Otto Preminger. Preminger is dancing with a lovely girl.

"An actress," speculates the headwaiter. "Oh, if she's not the son of a bitch."

Eric Ambler comes in. I say: "I just read your book, 'The Nightcomers'. I didn't think the Southeast Asia background nearly as authentic as your Middle East thrillers."

"Curious," says Ambler. "I actually went to the East. My knowledge of the Middle East was gained from an atlas."

Introduction

A few minutes later I bump into that debonair dandy, Cecil Beaton.

"Of late," I say, "you have been observed with rundry

interesting characters. Garbo and Ullmann, for instance. Inside every photographer is there a socialite struggling to get out."

"My camera," he agrees, "has served as an introduction to many famous faces."

I recall that 52-year-old Beaton once said: "The photographer is of lower social status than the writer. It is not a respectable profession."

Should I assume that Beaton himself not as a camera but as a sheet of paper?

"Yes," said Beaton. "Sometimes I go for as long as six months without taking a picture."

(At 80 guineas a sitting, I reflect, he can well afford to.)

But shed no tears for Beaton. Respectable or not, he is still one of the photographers they call round to the Palace when a royal picture is needed.

And the pictures he designed for the 'Hit' Broadway show 'My Fair Lady' filled his pockets with dollars.

I would say he could probably go for as long as seven months without taking another picture. Unless, of course, there was somebody new he wanted to meet.

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William Hickey

SAD AMBASSADOR

LONDON. I HEAR that the Spanish Ambassador to London, the Duke de Primo de Rivera, is one of London's most disappointed diplomats.

He asked General Franco for a transfer "on personal grounds." The answer has come back from Madrid: "No."

With a request to stay on at the Court of St James's. The ambassador has been seeking a transfer for nearly a year.

I can reveal that the handsome duke has not been happy since the duchess told him they ought to lead separate lives.

She did not like the continuing London round of parties and late nights.

The marriage was annulled. But neither General Franco nor the Church has accepted the annulment. Today the duchess lives quietly in the South of France.

And the duke attends fewer parties in London.

CHOP THAT IVY!

I MET a man a few days ago who is mad about ivy (the stuff that grows on trees, that is).

So mad that he carries a small axe with him everywhere—and cuts ivy down whenever he sees it straggling a tree.

Dr Douglas Latta is a London obstetrician and gynaecologist. He told me: "I used to carry a small stainless steel axe in the back of my car."

"But I soon found this insufficient for coping with some of the thicker ivy-stems. Now I carry a large greenwood saw with a detachable blade and a small felling axe."

How long has this chopping been going on? Four years. I love trees, I love flowers; I hate to see them incised by ivy," he said.

"Did you know the late Queen Mary also had a 'thing' about ivy? Couldn't bear it."

"When she saw any ivy at houses she visited, she promptly told the owner to get rid of it."

Another ivy chopper, I learned, is Viscount Alexander of Tunis. He is vice-president of The Men of the Trees Society, of which the doctor is a member.

The society's aim, you will not be surprised to know, is the protection of trees.

UNHAPPY MOSS

LEAVING the British winter behind—and unhappy at the prospect—is racing driver Stirling Moss.

Before flying out to race in sunny Venezuela, America, Australia and Bermuda he told me: "I would much rather be staying in England than spending three months among strangers."

"I get lonely travelling by myself all the time. And I shall have spent nine months out of England this year."

"You do learn to appreciate home. I would like to have some reasonable routine for a change—to be able to say 'Yes' to an invitation instead of 'I am sorry but I shan't be here.'"

GRACIE'S HOME

GRACIE Fields turned up at a West End party last week in black. She is in mourning for her father.

He died, aged 84, the day before Gracie arrived in Britain. She is to appear on TV here. "At any rate," I said, "you won't see television in Capri."

"Oh yes, we do," she said. "We get wonderful reception from the Italian mainland."

And from her husband Boris came this comment: "The quality of Italian TV is excellent. Better than here."

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Cicero said it centuries ago, when he sneered at Olympic winners:

TOO MUCH ADULATION

By DAVID MARSH

THE dust of many contests and the sands of many centuries have settled since the first Olympic Games were celebrated in Greece.

They were abolished in 391 A.D. The contestants in early days had to be of Hellenic race, of impeccable character and devout in worship, though spectators came from far afield—from Grecian colonies in Asia and in Africa as well as Europe.

Religious ceremonies figured prominently in the festival, and besides these and the athletic contests, there were competitions in the arts of music and poetry.

There was a temple of Zeus at Olympia, and in it was erected a statue of the god which was the work of a renowned sculptor, Phidias, and which was overlaid with gold and ivory.

During the Games the territory throughout was held inviolable, and invasion of it by any of the neighbouring and often contentious states that made up the union of ancient Greece would have been regarded as sacrilege.

Indeed, temporary armistices were arranged between states engaged in civil wars so that the all-important Games could be held in an atmosphere of peace and the belligerent factions held long before that date.

There were records of victors from 776 B.C., in almost unbroken sequence, until the Games were abolished in 391 A.D.

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Unlike today there were no competitors belonging to the fair sex, for women were not even allowed to be present at the Games.

Victorious contestants were hailed as heroes, and a symbolic crown of olives and a branch of palm were awarded as prizes that could be converted into cash or exchanged for the festival after the Romans conquered Greece and assumed responsibility for the conduct of the Games.

Professionalism crept in during the Roman regime and the award of a crown of olives and a branch of palm became insufficient recompense for men who were out-and-out "careerists."

Cash awards or prizes that could be converted into cash were demanded by these later-day athletes, and the authorities yielded to their demands.

Yet it has to be admitted that, even under the Greeks, victors at the Games did in fact profit by their achievements in a material sense, for friends and admirers showered rich gifts on them.

Then there were 24 events, including foot-racing with and without armour, wrestling, boxing (in Roman times with coverings for the fists that resembled knuckle-dusters), the long jump, chariot-racing.

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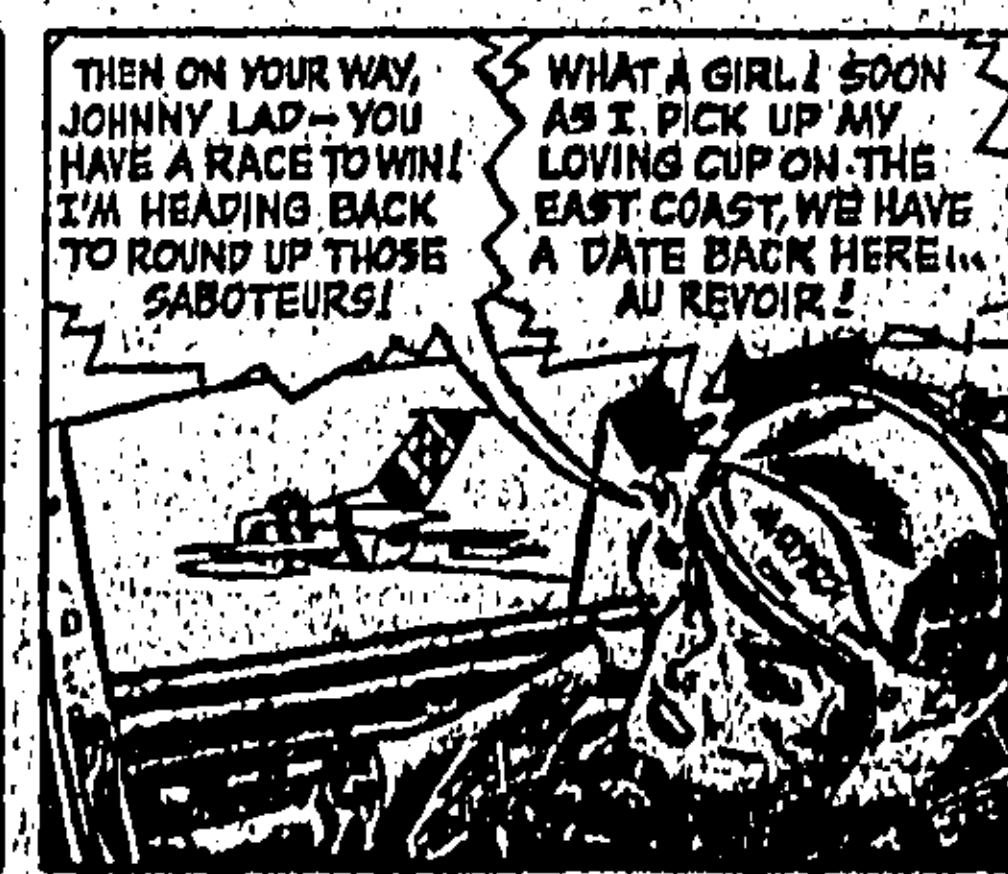
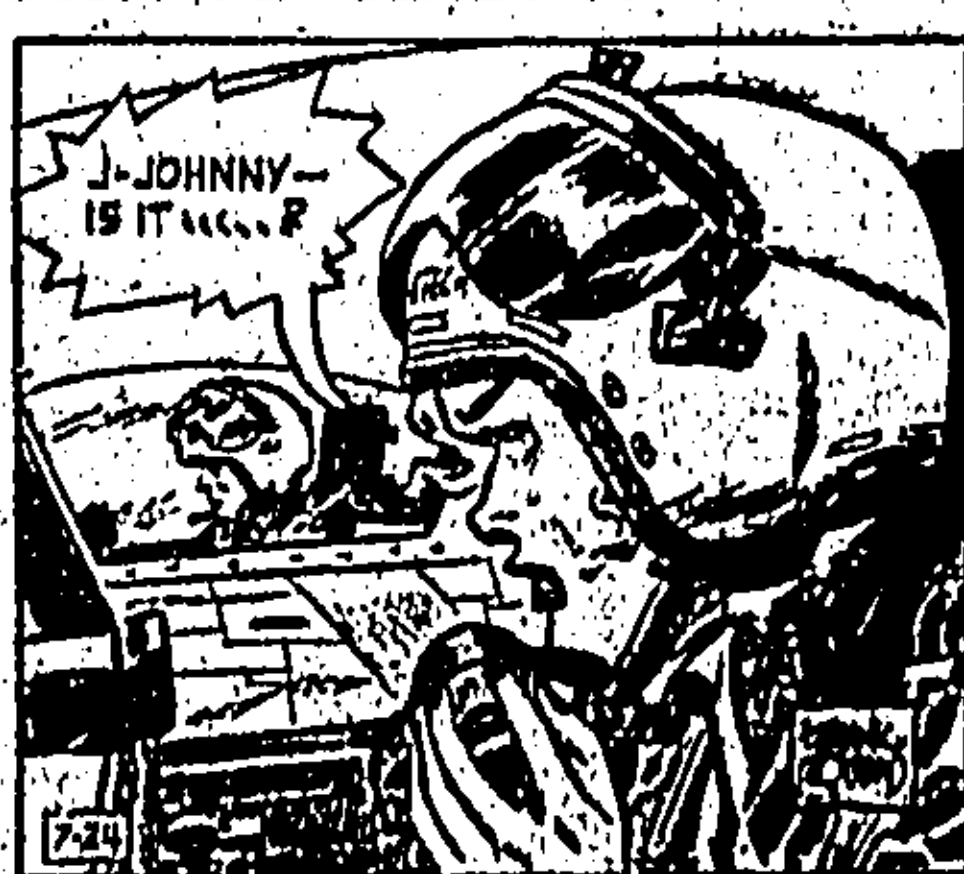
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By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Designers Handle The Jersey
With Ingenuity

By GINA POPESINA

WOOL jersey is one of the most versatile wool fabrics. It comes in varying weights and can be used for all types of clothes from evening wear to tailored suits. It can be draped; it can be moulded; and,

newest of all, mounted on a stiffened base, it can be used for full, flared skirts. Wool jersey is a particular favourite with Italian ready-to-wear clothes manufacturers this season. The firm of Spagnoli—famous the world over for its jersey and machine knitwear has launched, for the first time, a collection of dinner, cocktail and short evening dresses in very fine pure wool jersey. Horizontal draping, to which wool jersey lends itself admirably, is an important feature of a number of these models. Comparatively inexpensive, they are designed with the average woman in mind and give her supreme elegance at a low cost.

Add An Italian Touch
To Home Dressmaking

ARE you one of the clever ones who can cut out material without using a pattern and working only from a sketch? Or have you a good dressmaker who works on these lines? If so, you may be interested in the various models shown above; they are from the current collection of Giuliano of Milan.

The slender, straight-cut topcoat shown at the top left features the large cape collar which is so fashionable at the moment. The original model was made up in dark brown rough-surfaced tweed, but it would look equally well in a smoother wool fabric such as flannel, or velvet, or velour, especially if you want it for more dressy occasions.

The main interest in the elegant suit shown at top centre lies in the elongated, narrow lapels of the jacket. The original model was made in peacock wool drap with grosgrain revers of the same colour.

A plain wool fabric would be the best choice, too, for the dress shown at the top right, as its whole effect depends on seaming detail which would be lost in a highly-patterned fabric. This design allows a basic model to be dressed-up or dressed-down according to requirements.

Perfect for the party season ahead is the sleeveless, high-necked sheath dress shown lower

left, quite plain except for the gentle swathing over the right hip. The ideal fabric would be a wool jersey or a middle-weight wool crepe. The original also has a short bolero to make it more suitable for daytime wear. For a really glamorous touch add a fox fur collar.

Despite the unusual asymmetrical cut of the dress shown lower centre, this is a design which will not date rapidly and would be suitable for many occasions, depending on the fabric which you select. For a day dress, I suggest a honeycomb wool jersey or a wool flannel; for the later hour, a blue or black wool crepe or a dark brown drap.

Another design which will not date is the suit shown lower right. This was designed to go with the coat shown at the top left and was made in the same dark brown tweed. Other suitable fabrics would be buckram, Shetland or Cheviot.

Two or a middle-weight facecloth. If you prefer a patterned fabric, a small check design, faint herringbone pattern or a two-coloured tweed are permissible, but avoid textures with large patterns such as Glen checks because such patterns will not look well broken up by the unusual, elongated yoke, quite apart from the fact that they will detract from this, the main feature.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is wise to go over all enamel and metal surfaces of your kitchen stove with warm soda after each meal. If you let grease and splatters accumulate around the burners and in the oven, the range uses extra fuel or power without benefiting you.

When food is fried on a gas range, popping grease often spatters the burners not in use. Flip plates turned upside down over the unit burners protect them from splashes of grease, and are easily cleaned.

To save scorched food, plunge the cooking pan into cold water before transferring it from the burner pan to a front one. The burned taste is much less noticeable.

A long-handled fork may be used not only for lifting meat and other solid foods and for testing for doneness. Such a fork will also serve to draw baked foods from back to front of oven.

On a good electric lamp in the living room, with a wide spread of light, can serve two persons for reading or sewing. Arrange lamp and chairs so that there are no shadows on the pages of the book or on the handwork.

To reduce the "pilling" that occasionally appears on the surface of old or worn sweaters, turn sweater inside out before washing. Then if such fuzz balls collect, they will be on the inside where they won't show, and can be brushed off easily.

In the winter collection of a firm specialising in ready-to-wear teen-agers' clothes, most of the dresses were in printed wool jersey. Apart from the familiar Paisley designs in bright, gay colours, there were other more unusual designs (so far as wool jersey is concerned) such as polka dots, geometric patterns and irregular small checks. One or two models even featured jersey printed with flowers, palms or multi-coloured fans on very light background shades.

Wool jersey also has another important role to play—as a lining for rougher-surfaced outer fabrics such as Shetland tweeds. For instance, a three-quarter coat with a wide position collar in slate-blue Shetland is enhanced by a lining of fine wool jersey in the same colour, but thickly striped with a sky-blue cable pattern. It is worn with a blouse to match the lining, and a skirt of the tweed.

MILADY OF 1957 WILL GLITTER
FROM HEAD TO FOOT

THE opulent, glittering look of lavish costume jewellery accompanies the revival of 1912 styles in Paris.

"My fair lady" of fashion is wearing a costume jewellery matched to her individual costume, with colour and styling assorted to each ensemble.

The era of the single strand pearl necklace to be worn with everything from a sweater to a dinner gown, is over.

Jewellery plays an integral role in the overall story, with elaborate new effects achieved in vibrant colour, media, workmanship, and old world styling.

There is a new necklace shape for every neckline, ranging from twelve to twenty-inch graded strands with the lowest strand falling inside a low-cut decollete, to geometrically-shaped bib collars, collarets, and elongated festoons suggesting early Egyptian and Byzantine influences.

INSPIRED BY
CZARIST RUSSIA

Christian Dior stresses antique mountings and filigree settings teamed with opaline stones or brilliant Empiro colours assorted to the costume, with frosted effects on the underside of the stone lending transparency. He also introduces a new, dark iridescent stone of volcanic origin, which he has called "Diorite".

Jewellery in the Jacques Fath collection is directly inspired by Czarist Russia and the Diaghilev ballets. There are outsize square-cut rhinestones, imitation emerald and sapphire brilliant, set in elaborate pendant necklaces, dangling a medallion earrings, and baroque brooches which derive styling from Imperial decorations and insignia.

Pierre Balmain likes costume jewellery to masquerade as real pieces. He copies the famous earrings of "Madame Do", Louise de Vilmorin's heroine, in diamonds pendant matches to choker-casades. Balmain treats 20-inch opera length necklaces in mentioned effects of graded, irregular strand pearls.

Joan D'Amico marries dangling baroque pearl-cut links with matching earrings, while Madeline de Rauch turns long, light sleeves with large

floral pins, contrived of pearls and iridescent gems.

Bracelets, pins and hair ornaments match 1912 styles. Bracelets emphasise long moulded sleeves, or are worn on bare arms with sleeveless sheaths. Pins mark the focal point of a neckline or drape while hair and millinery ornaments decorate the twisted French roll hair styles. Dior uses jewelled millinery pins to match earrings, or trims small toques with feather cockades mounted on jewelled clips.

AMUSING

HEADPHONE EFFECTS

Aligettes for evening fastened to a jewelled brooch, are shown at Balmain.

Dior introduces a medallion of iridescent pink stones hanging on the forehead, mounted on a black tulle headband pinned at the brow. Lanvin-Castillo features amusing headphone effects, with black velvet bows suspending pearl pendants attached to each side of the wired hairband.

Another popular adaptation from the pre-World War I period, is the black velvet ribbon fastened tightly round the throat like a dog collar, clipped at the front, with one important jewel or brooch.

The biggest colour news comes in the romantic pastel stones and the Aurora Borealis diamond-cut crystal, or rainbow rhinestones, treated with a shimmering iridescent process, producing light and dark contrasts. "Christmas Dream" is the name of one necklace created by Francis Winter for Dior and featuring a prismatic range intermixed with jonquil diamonds. Other effects are "Butterfly Wing" necklaces combining a galaxy of wondrous blues, and "frosted satin" cabochon stones set in filigree.

JEWELLED

ACCESSORIES

Unorthodox jewellery colours like smoke, topaz, tortoise, copper, caramel and ashblende appear in autumn-toned stones for wearing with tweeds in the daytime. Antique type Russian effects appear in dark garnet stones used with black diamonds or jet.

The antique trend in settings is found also in filigree work, chains and sautiers, in which pearls alternate with beads, or multi-faceted stones are paved on gold or silver lace frames. Cloudy and brilliant contrasts are another frequent theme, with sea-shell, smoky crystal beads cut to achieve an iridescent effect.

SPAGNOLI



Top: Slate-blue wool jersey is used for this short dinner dress with a round decollete neckline and long sleeves. Itched panels down either side are joined across the front at waist and bust levels by a black velvet bow.

Lower left: This short dinner dress in black wool jersey has an elongated, moulded bodice ruched in vertical panels over a plain, slender skirt. A bow adorns the left hip.

Lower right: The straight line of this cocktail dress in red wool jersey is accentuated by the draped centre panel which starts from the cross-over neckline and extends to knee-level.

Scientific
Study Reveals
Underweights
'Undereat'

WHAT keeps the thin person thin? Invariably, underweights complain that they eat enough and conclude that there must be some physiological reason back of their failure to add needed pounds. But in line with recent scientific findings, the fact is—underweights undereat.

A study was recently made on this subject. Three normally healthy young men who were from 14 to 18 percent underweight participated in the study. They were hospitalised so that food intake and all activity could be closely controlled.

In each phase of the study, these young men were kept in bed until 1:30 p.m. each day. Every afternoon they walked 5 miles at a steady, controlled pace. After this exercise they sat quietly reading until bedtime at 8 in the evening.

On the calorie score, each of the young men was first placed on 2,100 calories a day, and on this amount of food their body weight was maintained—that is, they neither gained nor lost. Next followed a period in which food intake was nearly doubled and increased to 4,000 calories a day, with no change in activities. On this regime, all three of the men gained weight.

Metabolism tests made at four-hour intervals showed that the calories were burned at the same rate on the high and low calorie diets. Also, laboratory analysis revealed that the absorption rate of calories, fat and nitrogen was unchanged percentage-wise by the increase in daily intake from 2,100 to 4,000 calories. In other words, according to this study, none of the three young men was thin because of poor absorption in the digestive tract.

The young men consumed without effort all the excess food included in the high calorie diet. According to the report, this indicates that their regular low intake of food is not due to a limited capacity of their stomachs.

Since the increased calorie intake resulted in an increase of body weight, the report pointed out that the obvious conclusion is that the thin person just doesn't eat enough to bring weight up to normal standards.

—IDA JEAN KAIN



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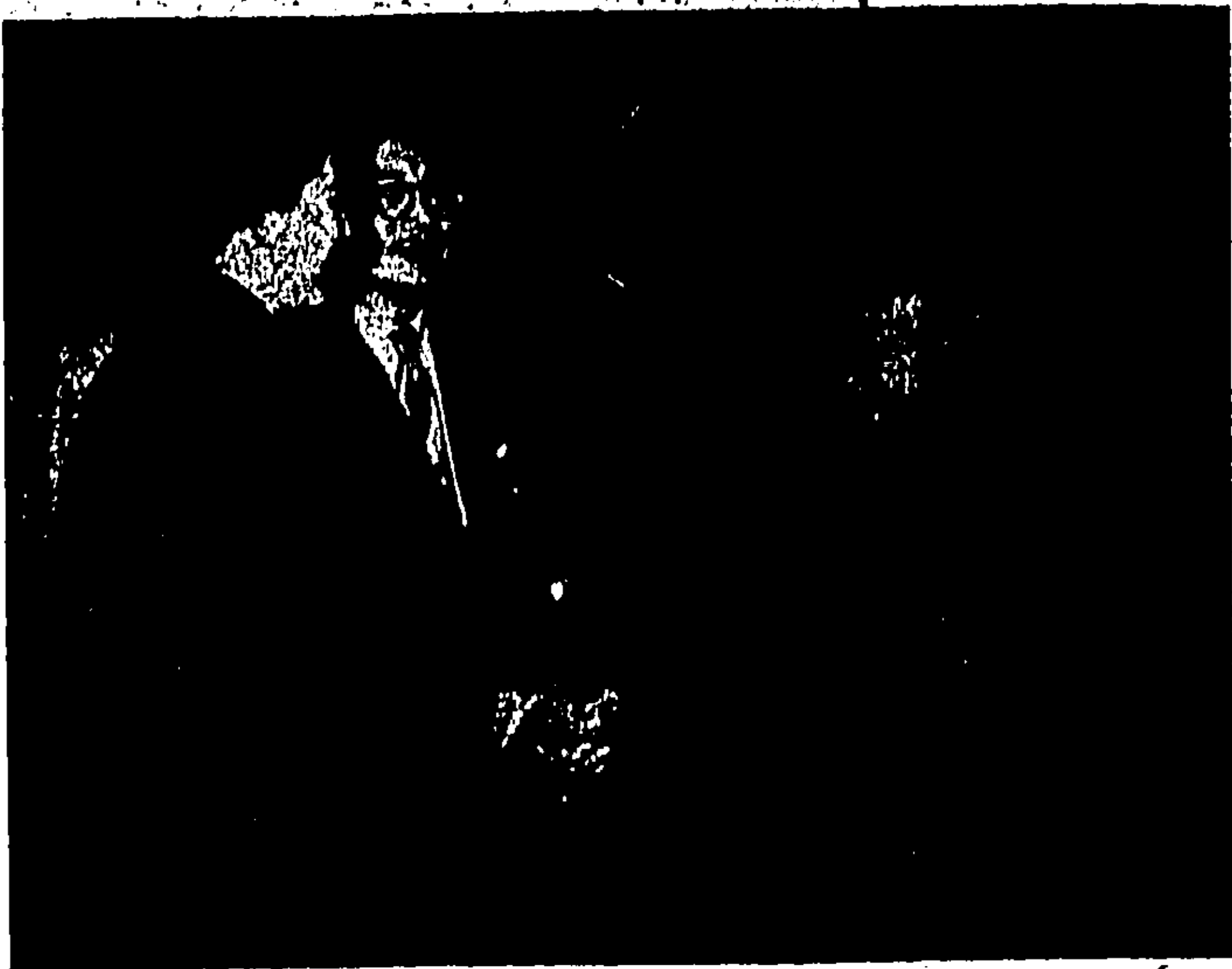
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THE Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau (right), guest of honour at a cocktail party given by the Chinese British-Returned Students' Association, greeting Dr and Mrs P. M. Yap. The party was held at the Bankers' Club. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, meets the officers on his visit to the Special Constabulary camp at Aberdeen. From left: Mr R. S. Hownam-Moek, Camp Commandant, Mr V. C. T. Davis, Adjutant of the Special Constabulary, Mr E. K. I. O'Reilly, Staff Officer (Specials), and Mr G. Leys, Commandant of the Police Training School. (Staff Photographer)



MR M. I. de Ville (right), Superintendent of Crown Lands and Surveys, was presented with a silver tray by his colleagues in the Public Works Department on his retirement. The Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, Director of Public Works, who made the presentation, shaking hands with Mr de Ville. (Staff Photographer)



THE President's table at the annual reunion dinner of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association. The President is Mr Yeung Wing-hong, third from right. (Staff Photographer)



COL. J. D. Clague, encouraging a side in the tug of war event at the annual sports of the Peak School. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: At the 10th anniversary dinner of the Chinese Radio Association, the Postmaster-General, Mr L. C. Saville (left), chats with the President, Mr T. K. Law. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Hon. Sir Man-kam Lo (extreme right), who opened the new extension of the Lingnan Middle School last Saturday, trying out the desks in a schoolroom. Standing is Mr Y. H. Chan, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Club "A" and HMNZS Kaniero rugby XV's, who met on Monday at the Hongkong Football Club. The Club side maintained their undefeated record by winning 13-3. (Staff Photographer)



ST Francis Xavier College team, winners of the Stanley Shield seven-a-side soccer knock-out competition, with their coach, Bro. Conrad.



MISS Noreen Price, whose paintings were exhibited at the British Council this week, with Mr Ramon Kant and his daughter, Miss Judy Kant. (Staff Photographer)

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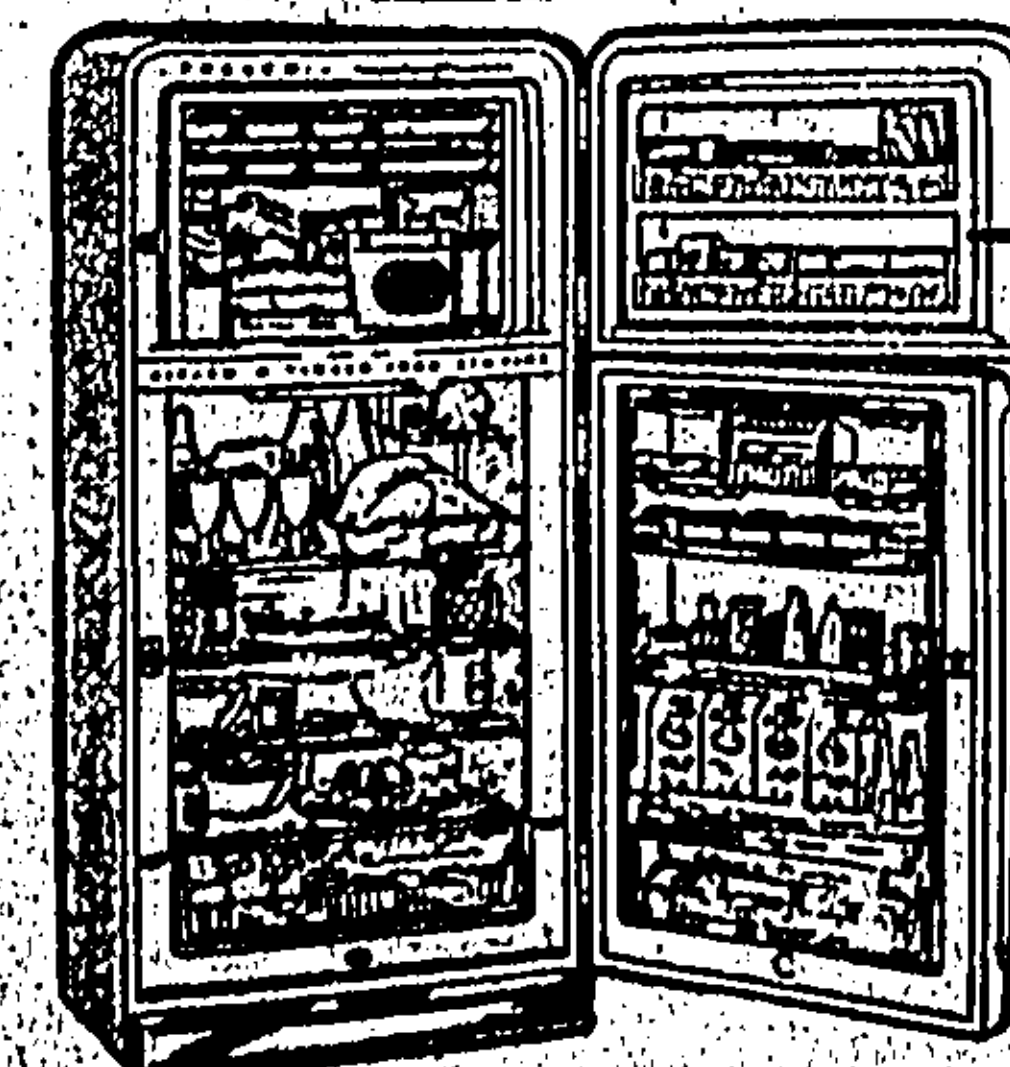
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WEDDING at St Stephen's Church of Mr Danny Wong Kam-chen and Miss Jean May Wong. A banquet to celebrate the wedding was given in the evening at the China Restaurant, following which the newlyweds left by ship for their honeymoon in Japan and the Philippines. (Staff Photographer)



PRIZEWINNERS in the Services tennis finals at the United Services Recreation Club. From left: Lt-Col J. A. A. Smith, SSM M. H. Brown, 2 Lt A. Selwyn (men's singles champion), Mrs Z. Smith, Mrs D. Jones, Mrs J. Atkinson (ladies' singles champion), Lt-Col D. Taylor, Mrs J. Spooner and L/Bdr E. Halliwell. (Staff Photographer)



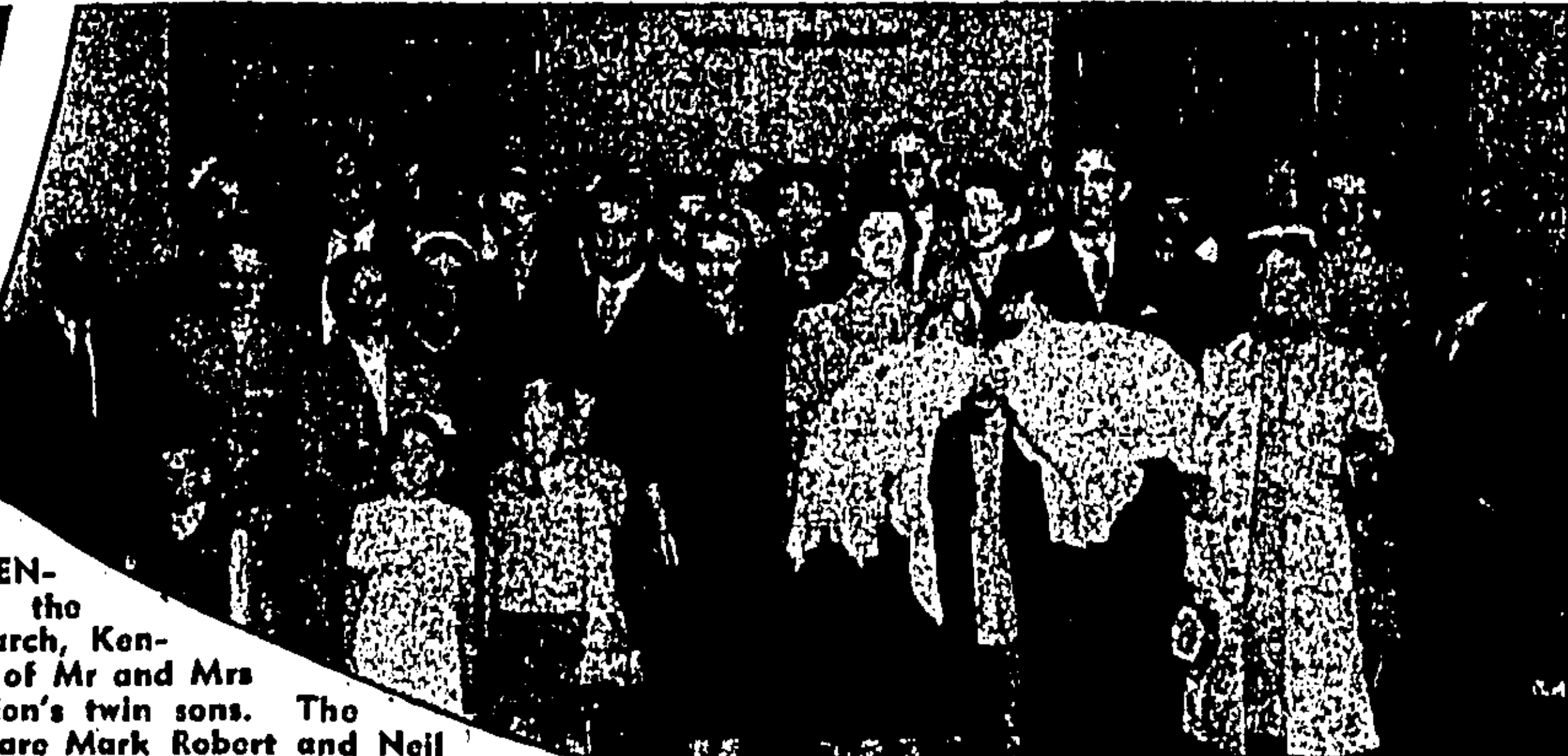
CHRISTENING at the Union Church, Kowloon, last Sunday of Gordon Morrison, son of Mr and Mrs David Wilson. (Mainland)



A good try rewarded. A youngster at the St Andrew's Church fair fishes up a prize at one of the stalls. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, of Mr and Mrs R. H. Campion's twin sons. The babies' names are Mark Robert and Neil Ian. (Francis Wu)

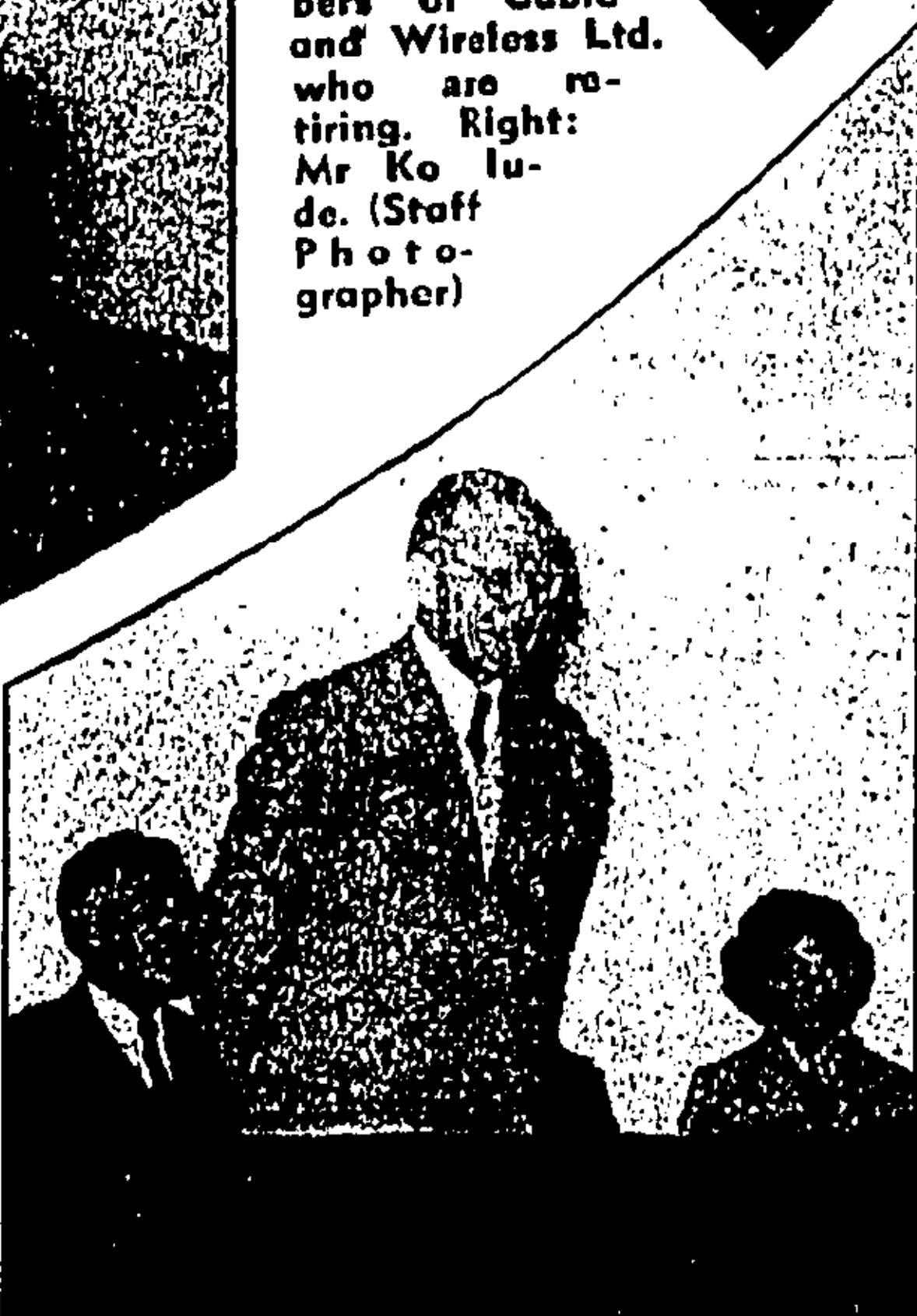


RIGHT: At the cocktail party given by the Netherlands Consul-General for Dr J. E. van Hoogstraten, Overseas Director of the Federation of Netherlands Industries. The guest of honour (left) talking with Mr G. J. Jongejans (centre) and Mr E. C. van Helden. (Staff Photographer)

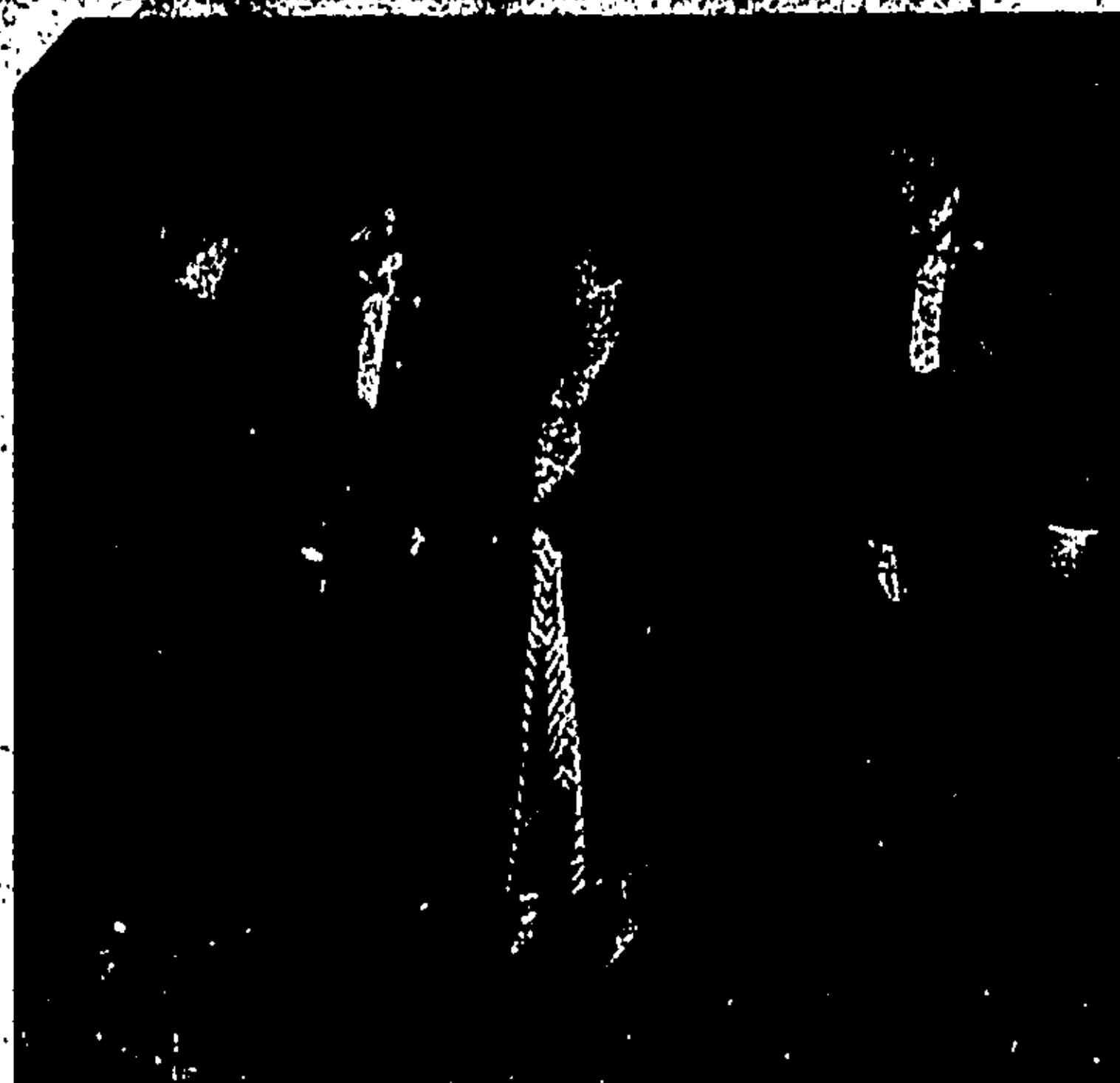


A party was given on Thursday evening for the Press to meet the new Indonesian Consul-General, Tengku Maimoon Habsjah, who is seen above with Mr Dony's Corley Smith, Reuter's chief representative. (Staff Photographer)

MRS H. C. Baker presenting souvenirs to staff members of Cable and Wireless Ltd. who are retiring. Right: Mr Ko Lu-de. (Staff Photographer)

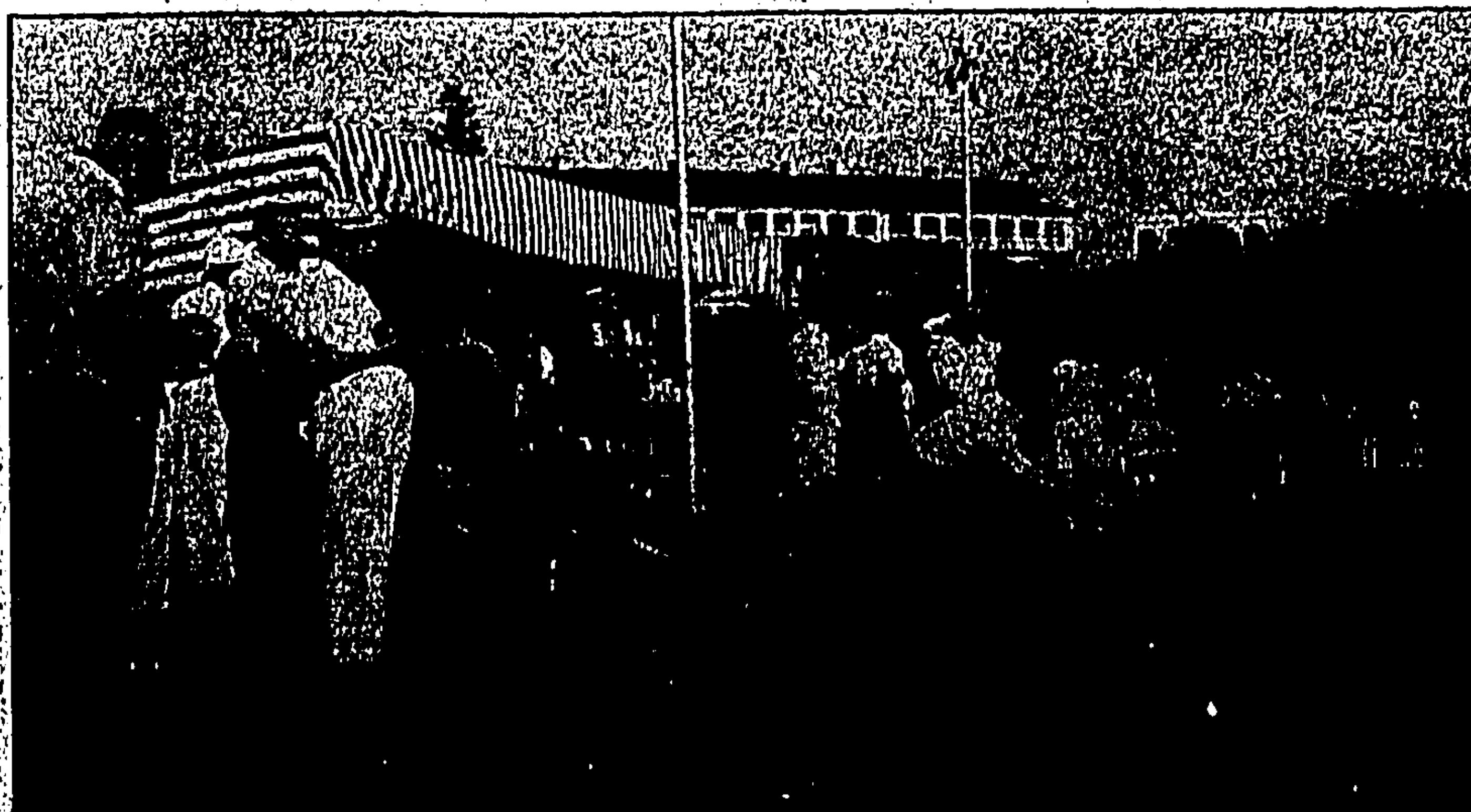


PROFESSOR F. S. Drake, Director of the Hongkong University's Institute of Oriental Studies, addressing an audience on Thursday when he presented certificates to Chinese middle school students who completed a special course for entry to the University. (Staff Photographer)



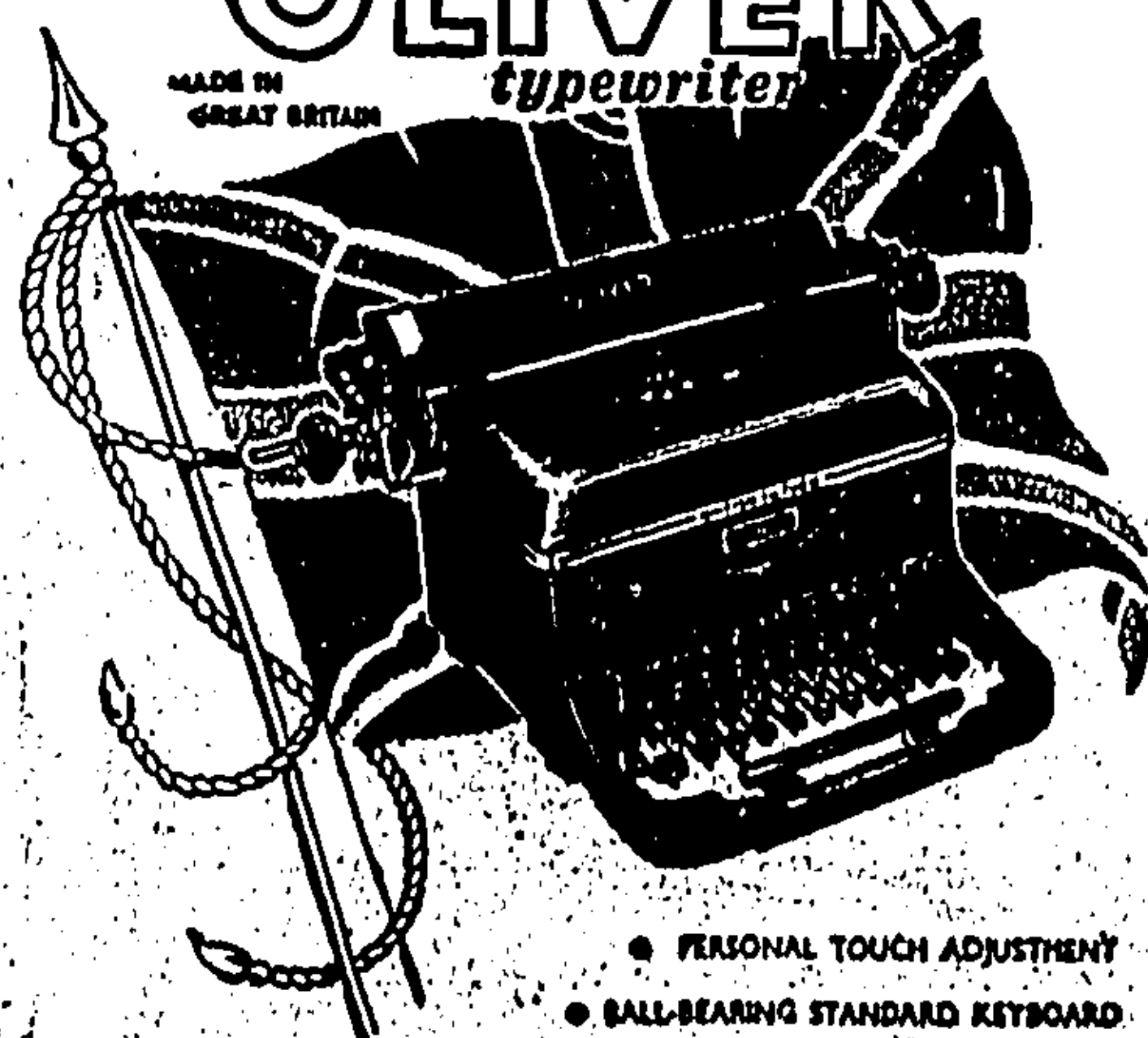
LT-GEN. W. H. Stratton, Commander, British Forces, and Mrs Stratton greeted by Lt-Col and Mrs M. J. Perneau on their arrival at San Wai Camp for Beating the Retreat to celebrate the bicentenary of the North Staffordshire Regiment. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Scene at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club during the annual bowls match between St Andrew's and St George's Societies. St Andrew's won by 29 shots. (Staff Photographer)



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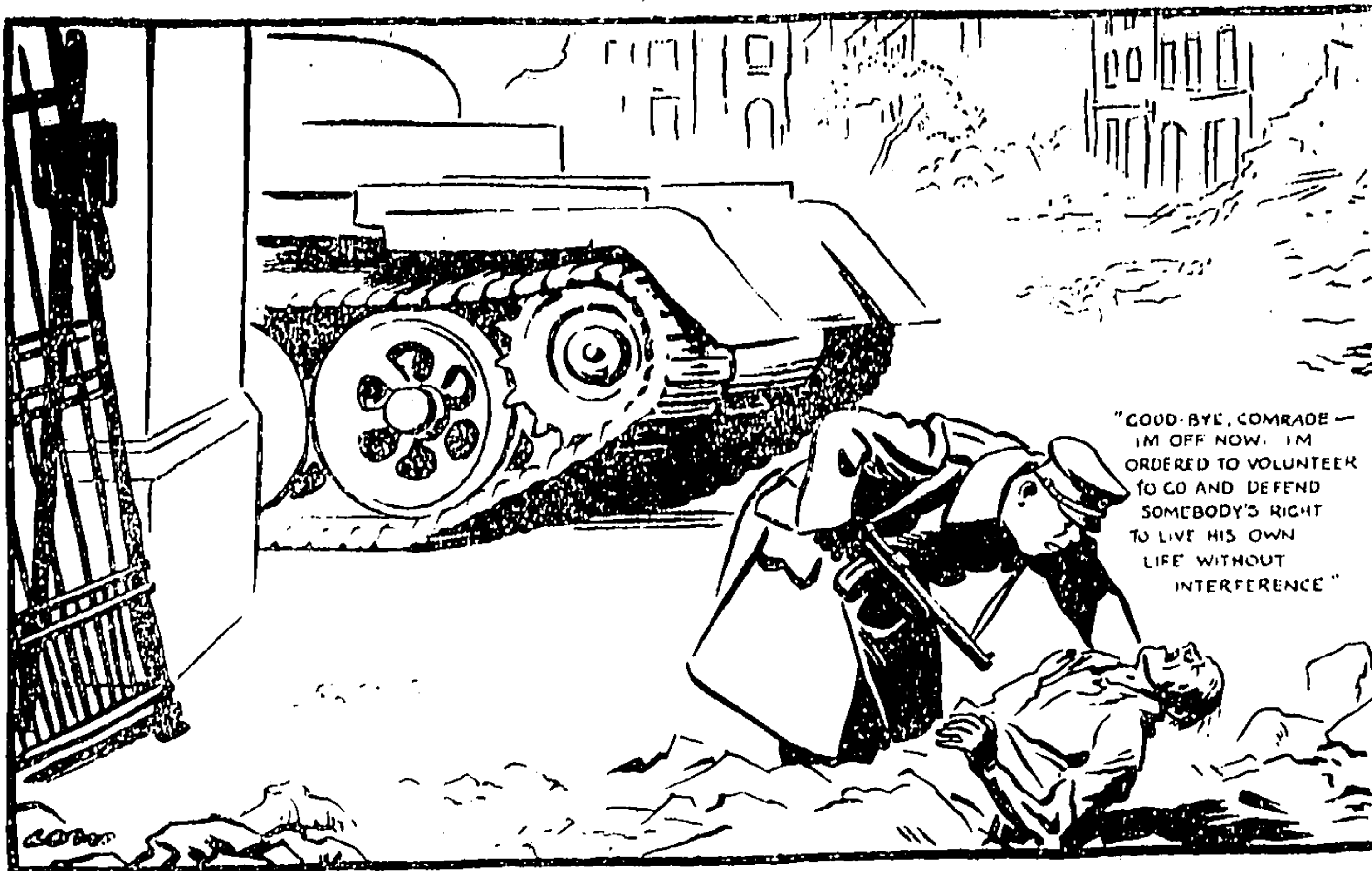
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The Legend That Came To Life In London And Was Cruelly Hurt

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

OVER the years I have more than once described the centre of London as a village where, to some extent, everybody knows everybody else. The saints and the sinners, the moguls and the opportunists, the poets and the playboys, the politicians, the dreamers and the radicals. They all go to make up the villagers.

Therefore, when the eminent Mr. Liberace recently arrived in his civilising mission, the village turned out in force. In fact, he relegated Colonel Nasser to the back pages of the popular newspapers and very nearly stopped the traffic.

I had never met Mr. Liberace, although I had seen him on television in a filmed version of his intimate flirtation with a piano. On that occasion an old friend of mine, having listened and watched to the end, said: "There was once a pianist named Paderewski."

Not bad. Seldom has so much been conveyed by so little.

DICTATOR

Now it happens that in our village there is a remarkable man named Val Parnell, who has a delightful wife named Helen. Mr. Parnell is the dictator of British vaudeville and rules over the Palladium as if it were a fortress. The Parnells belong to the same golf club as the Baxters, and we have been friends for many years.

Therefore, it was amusing, even intriguing, when Helen phoned one morning to say that Liberace was coming as her guest to the early performance of the Palladium (it is a twice nightly affair) and would be joined by her in the stage box at the performance we would first dine at a quiet night club in Mayfair and then move on to the Cafe de Paris, where Liberace would do his stuff.

Oscar Wilde once remarked that almost the only things that did not interest him were sights of interest. To some extent I feel that way about the transient stars of vaudeville and the cinema. Nevertheless, Helen Parnell's invitation seemed to supply a pleasant way of adding to the entertainment of this particular performance of the Palladium. The stage box at the Palladium is at an angle which permits the occupants to sit back and be unobserved, and let it be put on record that Liberace was sitting in a corner where no one in the audience could see him.

It was, I can imagine, an extraordinary experience. I had to admit that I was not a fan of Liberace, but I was not a fan of the question, put to me by a friend, "What is the difference between a pianist and a pianist?"

CAUSTIC

Yours is a very good question. I have to admit that I am not a fan of Liberace, but I am not a fan of the question, put to me by a friend, "What is the difference between a pianist and a pianist?"

When I asked Liberace if he had read "Cassandria" he said: "Yes, indeed. He didn't seem to like me very much."

There was no cynicism in his manner or in his words. Neither was there malice. "I guess he's like me," said Liberace, "the pianist who gives a good performance for his fans."

An admirable thrust. It was a pity "Cassandria" was not there to take the dagger to his breast.

Unfortunately, the rumour spread that Liberace was in the theatre. Val Parnell had to plan his escape from the crowds that would be waiting at every exit. So when the performance was over we all went backstage and inspected some performing monkeys in the cage and met the agent on the bill.

AUTOCRAPHS

Liberace signed autographs, complimented the various ladies and made himself as pleasant as a politician on polling day. Quite obviously he likes being liked. Never once did he ask for mercy, although he still had to face the ordeal of the sophisticated night clubbers at the Cafe de Paris. It is true that he smiled, and smiled until his face hurt, but his manner did not vary, no matter how big or small was the performer who came up to him.

Finally Val Parnell smuggled him out, and by devious routes he reached the Casa Nova, a quiet, cosy night club with excellent cooking, good wine and a male trio of a pianist, a baritone and a bass violinist.

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SEQUINS

For reasons best known to himself he was wearing a jacket made of sequins that glinted and twinkled in the bright lights that glared at him. The unemotional British nearly swooned with excitement.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen," said the pianist in a flat, unaccented voice. "It is sure good to be here at the Cafe de Paris." Then with a smile of innocence he said: "I'd better get out of the theatre or these sequins will melt."

Hal Hal A hit—a most palpable hit! The fact that he probably always says it does not matter. No two audiences are the same.

In the platform, ready to conduct the orchestra, was another George—a pleasant, modest looking Italian-American without even a suggestion of flamboyance. George is no great shakes as a conductor, but he maintains the rhythm of the band and never lets his eyes off the pianist.

"Look, look!" said Helen Parnell. "See how he adores Liberace."

That's one of the nice things about Helen. She has been in show business for years, yet she falls for anything.

How good a pianist is the eminent Liberace? The answer is that he is quite good. His touch is delicate, his fingering is dexterous and his tone is pleasant. He did not attempt anything that required any great technique, but what he did he did well.

Most of it was goopily sentimental stuff (and his singing voice would be lost without a microphone) but he has a gift of happiness. He likes playing the piano. He likes people to listen to his playing. He likes George and Helen, he likes the Cafe de Paris, he likes money and he likes being alive.

As with many other great men he has found the real meaning of success which is self-expression at a profit. "Let's be sentimental," said Helen, "that's what we do."

Let's be sentimental, said Helen, "that's what we do."

Up at three pairs of people from their tables and began a sedate dance and then swung hands. Liberace looked at them with interest and some concern. He wanted to get on to his next tune, but what would happen to the stately dancers?

Brother George was also obviously unhappy.

EMBARRASSED

So Liberace changed the tune and, after a time, the embarrassed dancers realised that something had gone wrong and beat an ignominious retreat.

So did the Baxters. It had been a long night and sleep was weighing heavily upon our eyelids.

Three days passed by, then Helen Parnell phoned us that she was going to show a farewell party for her hero at her flat. "You must come," she said. "Mom is going to be there, and you must see her. She is really something."

"Let's go," said my wife. She made it as a mere suggestion, but there was an air of finality in her voice which made me realise that we would be among those present.

When the Parnells throw a party in their flat it is really something. On this night there were comedians, film directors, two or three poets, the lovely Duchess of Argyll, gossip writers, chairmen of companies, tycoons, golfers, playwrights and television moguls. But alas! Momma Liberace was not there. George is the only other representative of the family.

Liberace played the piano, but obviously his heart was not in it. That easy smile had given way to a pensive look, like Hamlet worrying about Ophelia. On, on he played, and the guests clamoured for more. Then he asked to be forgiven, he stopped, and we agreed. A few minutes later he took me into a small detached alcove and we sat down.

MIXED-UP

"Did you read 'Cassandria'?" Yes, I had read it. "Why does he write such things about me?" said Liberace. "What have I done that is so wrong? I like playing the piano for people and I don't mean any harm to anyone. Then why, why does Cassandria write such stuff?"

He has been reproduced in Time Magazine and has got into local newspapers all over America. I got a letter from a friend of mine who lives in the part of the States where we come from. Cassandria's article had been published there too.

The fabulous Liberace, no longer smiled. To use the awful jargon of the moment, he was just a hurt, mixed-up kid who probably wanted to go home to Mom.

From the drawing-room came the strains of a Chopin Nocturne from the piano. It was Lord Foley, who plays well but never makes matters worse by young girls squeak.

And that brings to an end this story of a legend that came to life in London and was cruelly hurt. (continued)

A BRIGHT RED SHIP FOR THE WHITE SOUTH

By GEORGE HOGAN

A SHIP painted in bright pillar-box red, so that in case of rescue operations her hull will show up clearly against the Antarctic ice, has just left London on a six weeks' voyage by way of Madeira and South Georgia to the British Trans-Antarctic Expedition's Shackleton Base, at the head of the Weddell Sea.

The Magga Dan—Magna is Eskimo for Margaret—is under charter to the Trans-Antarctic Expedition to carry Dr. Vivian E. Fuchs and the main party of his explorers to the southern ice wastes for their trek across the South Pole. Specially designed for working in Antarctic conditions, the Magga Dan, of 1,850 tons, is twice the size of the Thoron, which took the Expedition's main party to the White Sea 12 months ago.

Launched in Denmark as recently as June, this year, the new £500,000 polar ship completed her trials in September. She is 215 feet long with a beam of 45 ft. and can make 12 knot fully loaded. She has accommodation for 34 passengers, and her equipment for cooling her holds in tropical regions and for heating them to keep them frostproof under Antarctic conditions.

Ice Fins

With powerful knife-like bows and a slim hull, the Magga Dan is fitted with an ice cutter. In order to work her way through ice-covered seas she has extra strengthening at the stem and very heavy plating at stern, sides and bottom. There is also an "ice knife" to protect the rudder, which the ship is using astern.

Her propeller is fitted with variable-pitch screws which act as gears and will enable the ship to push steadily through thick ice floes.

A special feature of the Magga Dan is the crew's net which can be reached through the hollow mast—a great boon in sub-zero temperatures. It is in effect a second bridge, set high to give the observer and the captain an unobstructed all-round view, so necessary when the ship is in ice. It has all the essential navigation instruments and engine-room controls to enable the captain to manoeuvre the ship from aloft.

The Magga Dan also has a platform on the quarterdeck for a helicopter or small conventional winged aircraft.

Her master, Captain Hans Petersen, a 43-year-old Dane, has sailed in Polar waters for many years and has been with four Australian expeditions. He has been at sea since he was 14, and gained wide experience of navigation both in the Arctic and Antarctic during his captaincy of the Kista Dan.

Tons Of Stores

The Magga Dan is carrying some 700 tons of stores and the personnel of two expeditions to the Antarctic. Dr. V. Fuchs and his party are going the whole 9,000 miles to the base at Shackleton, where they will join the advance party which has been living precariously there for the past nine months. They lost a considerable quantity of stores and equipment when the sea ice unexpectedly broke away, and since then have been living in a large converted packing case and sleeping in two-man tents.

The sea took their solid fuel and left them little means of keeping out the cold in a temperature at times 90 degrees below freezing. They have, however, remained cheerful and are looking forward to the arrival of the Magga Dan and receiving their year's mail.

The other expedition consists of 21 men and is the main party of the Royal Society's Antarctic Expedition for the International Geophysical Year. It will be leaving the Magga Dan at Halley Bay.

This expedition is led by Colonel Robert Smart, R.A.M.C., ex-Deputy Director of Hygiene, Western Command, and formerly an instructor at the Army School of Hygiene. It includes a meteorological and geomagnetic group—five weather men—seconded by the Meteorological Office. They are Mr. Joseph MacDowell of Plimmer, Mr. Andrew Blackie of Selkirk, Mr. M. C. Burton of Leeds, Mr. G. Ward of Birmingham, and Mr. D. T. Trumble of Wembley.

Aurora Australis

The ionospheric group of three, who were trained at the Radio Research Station at Slough, are Mr. W. H. Bell-chambers of Chesham, Mr. D. E. Cressfield, a research chemist, of Welwyn and Mr. L. W. Barclay, of Leigh-on-Sea. They will study the electrified layers of the upper atmosphere. One man on his own will be Mr. G. R. Thompson, who will be responsible for making visual observations of the Aurora Australis.

The two members of the radio-astronomy group, Mr. P. Brennan of Leeds and Mr. D. P. Harrison of Leyland, will be using equipment of a type which has been operating for some years at the University of Manchester's Jodrell Bank experimental station.

A man with a great responsibility—that of keeping the inner man satisfied—is Sergeant Malcolm Edwards of Kenton, Middlesex, who is the senior cook and is normally working with the Army Catering Corps. His assistant is Mr. L. Constantine of Liverpool.

Real Dangers

Two other men whose expert knowledge is essential to the expedition's success, and who also are seconded by the War Office, are the senior diesel mechanic, Staff Sergeant Alfred Amphlett of Bradwell, near Great Yarmouth, and his assistant, Sergeant J. C. Beney of St Leonards.

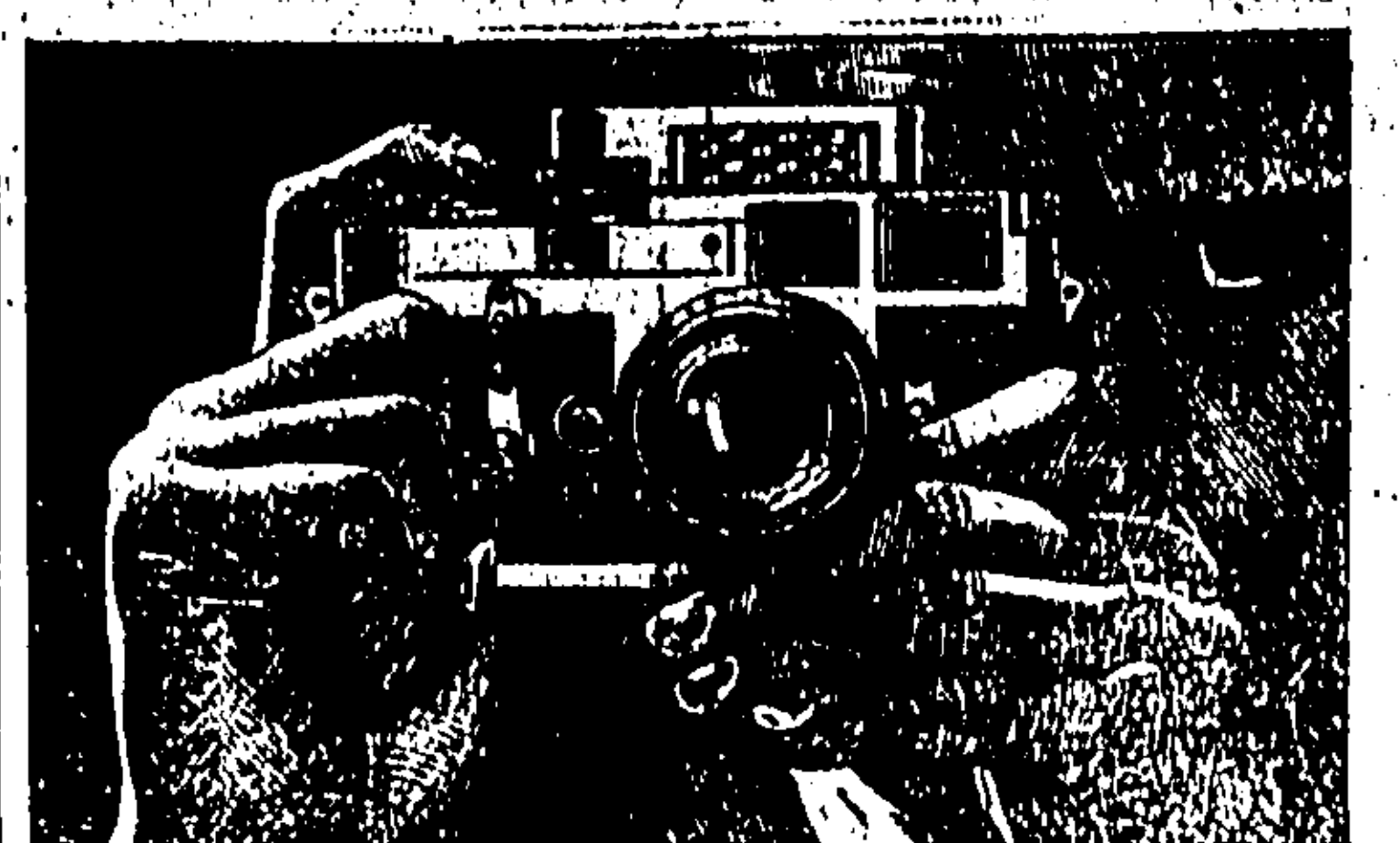
The great scientific advances of this century give present-day expeditions certain advantages over the explorers of the past, such as Captain Cook, who first crossed the Antarctic Circle 180 years ago in search of a temperate continent. Nevertheless, the dangers awaiting the two polar expeditions aboard the Magga Dan are still very real.

The Royal Navy's netlayer HMS Protector has just completed a rescue of 8,000 miles from the coast of Morocco north of the Equator to the ice-packed Bellinghousen Sea to rescue two scientists stranded on an island cut off by a sudden ice break.

Ice Cracked

A party of four, an outpost expedition of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, had fledged to Lonely Ross Island over frozen seas. Two of the men returned to their base; then the ice cracked and left their colleagues stranded. For several weeks they slept in tents and lived on emergency rations while the Protector hurried north.

Only once before had a ship crossed the Antarctic Circle in this area in November—a Norwegian whaler in 1843—but the Protector got through. Then from 40 miles off the island her helicopter rescued the two scientists and their nine husky dogs, making five round trips before the men, animals and all their equipment were recovered. There is still danger and hardship to be endured in the Antarctic, and none know that better than Dr. Fuchs and his men, who set out next year from Shackleton Base to cross the South Pole and meet Sir Edmund Hillary and his party fighting their way across Antarctica from the opposite direction.



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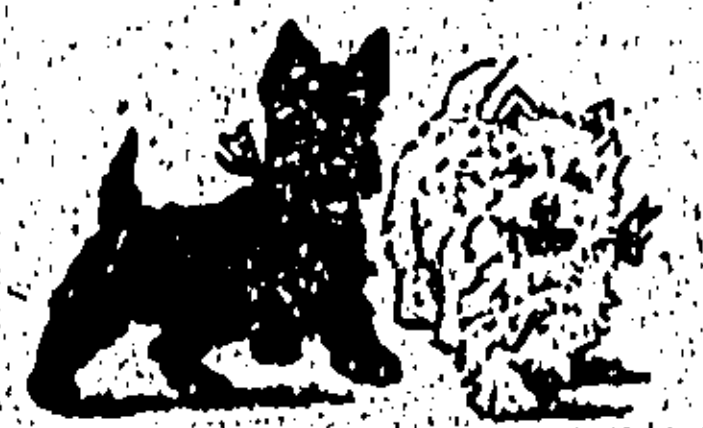
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Seventh Edition, by Victor Dover, 542

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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"He says that Herod never massacred the Holy Innocents he just insured to restore order at the parents' request!"

RECORD ROUND BY JAMES JORDAN

Mr Donegan Has A Chip On Each Shoulder...

'The jazz purists say I'm not original... but all I do is sell a song the best way I know how... That's why skiffle has caught on.'

OUTSIDE the dressing-room window, 500 fans sang "Lost John" with the fervour of an Hallelujah chorus. Someone was letting off fireworks at the back of the crowd. There was a faraway tinkle

of broken glass. Two policemen were getting hot under the collar. But everything was under control. It was only when the stage door began to give at its hinges that they brought out the fire hose. In Liverpool they take their riots calmly.

THE CAUSE

Likewise Lonnie Donegan, skiffle singer extraordinary, the cause and the still centre of all the commotion. "It's been like this everywhere we've been," he said contentedly. "In Newcastle we had six policemen to control the crowds. In Blackpool they tore my clothes off. I tell you daddy, we're having a ball."

The ball began when Donegan's first record—a nasal, driving version of a Negro folk song called "Rock Island Line"—slipped almost unnoticed into the best-selling bracket.

That was one year and half a million copies ago. "Until that record began selling, nobody wanted to know about me," said Donegan. "They didn't even know I was alive. I didn't get a single offer in Britain and it took a trip to America to convince anyone that I was worth having."

TOPS THE BILL

Now he is in the ninth week of a smash-hit variety tour, dragging his clouds of glory through the provinces. And in three weeks' time he tops the bill at the Prince of Wales.

Twenty-five years old, Donegan is a frail, pale

perfectionist with a jutting chin that gives him the look of an emaciated Mr Punch. His speaking voice is a hesitant cockney, which switches in song to a hill-billy whine. Married, with a seven-month-old daughter, he has a flat in Wansstead, money in the bank, and an outside chip on both shoulders.

Chief targets for his resentment are the jazz purists who criticise him for deserting traditional jazz for the kasher pastures of show business. "They say I'm not original," he complained. "I know I'm not original. I've copied almost every singer you can name. But it takes two years to evolve a style of your own. I'm working round to it."

WORST SMEAR

"They also say I'm commercial—the worst smear of all in jazz circles. But all I do is sell a song the best way I know how. That's why skiffle has caught on. It's nothing new. It's the kind of music they used to play at rent parties in New Orleans 40 years ago. But the way I present it is new."

The presentation is precisely what offends the purists. On stage Donegan employs two amplified guitars, a string bass, and a drum kit that light up at the psychological moment. And his act is a gaudy raucous success.

Donegan acts as singer and composer. Draped in a stage suit of grey, silk turtleneck, he cuddles a big guitar and shuffles in time to his own songs. Every twelfth brings a fresh barrage of screams from the audience.



HE DRINKS TEA

But Donegan is close about his earnings and his spending. He drinks nothing stronger than tea. He does not smoke. And he shuns hotels in favour of theatrical digs.

After a personal appearance at a record store, where he autographed the bare arms of the more devoted fans, the management prevented him with an electric toaster. "You're four quid," offered Donegan. "I can put the money towards a record player. Right now I've nothing to play my own records."

Hear for Yourself: Eight standards in the LP Lonnie Donegan. Shown e. including "Nobody's Child," "I Shall Not Be Moved," and "I'm A Johnny B. Goode," appealing or appalling, according to taste. Also, as a 78, "Bring a Little Water," "Sylvia" (backed by "Dedicated to You"), the two best Donegan sides to date. Both on Nixa.

A REMINDER

For other tastes: Historically Speaking—"The Duke" is a reminder of the best of Duke Ellington; vintage 1926 to 1956. With jazz, blues and mood contributions by Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney; on London.

"My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes," tuneful and robust British jazz from George Melly and the Mick Mulligan Band; on Decca.

Four-star combination of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Grace Kelly and Louis Armstrong, singing both sweet and hot from the sound-track of the new film "High Society"; on Capitol.

And on Vogue: tart, tangy jazz in the second EP album by the Laurindo Almeida Quartet.

BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS

The Trailer Bus Has Ousted The Plodding Camel

By WILLIAM SMYLY

THE age of the world tourist has brought so many guide books and travel documents that the book lists bulge. But the world itself seems to be dying around the publicity, and the books seek wider and stranger ways to keep up a flagging interest in world travel. Two recent efforts are by Bernard Gorsky—"Moana" (Elek) and "Capecod to Capehot" by Richard Pape (Old-hams).

One is a story of a group of keen skin divers who rigged out a small yacht and set out around the world under sail to dive and harpoon fish in every sea they visited.

The other is the mile-by-mile story of a race from the northernmost point in Europe to the Cape of Good Hope.

Both books are well-written, which is to say that the authors have extracted as much as possible from their material, and the book about diving will no doubt be a standard work in divers' libraries for some time to come, as it is the first comparative description of all the main diving grounds that has appeared so far.

Racy Style

The motor trip also was packed with incident, and is told in an extremely racy style that makes one suspect at times that the author is extracting a pint and a half of orange juice out of one orange.

Both adventures are enterprising, and both are very much more unusual in human experience, more enterprising, and perhaps more dangerous, than any the journey of Marco Polo or the travels of Kingslake. But the books are by comparison as dead as old mutton. Why?

The fault is not in the writers. They have done their best, and done it well, to give interest to the most fascinating subject in the world... which is the world. The fact that they fall is

an alarming indication of the extent to which the world has shrunk during this century. For the difference between a modern tourist visiting foreign lands and an ancient traveller doing so, is that while the ancient really saw new places with fresh eyes, the modern man sees little more than another empire and a different national development of the new ubiquitous international culture.

Now there is very little in the world that is new. In Turkey one is tempted to take photographs of camels, because the people are amazed that this form of transport still exists. P. Lechmere took the tourist to a photograph of a very driven and his ten-ton old-plod truck.

Nothing New

If you go to Baghdad or Damascus, the hotel manager was probably trained at Grosvenor House or the Georges Clémenceau, and you would be better advised to go to Mayfair or Paris and see the real thing instead of Baghdad or Damascus to see the local imitation.

Camels still exist, but the modern ship of the desert is a vast trailer bus with sleeping chairs, and it travels all night so you do not see much of the desert anyway—and you have nothing to endure but the insouciance of custom men.

It would seem that the great world shrinkage, even if it has not made all men brothers, has at least put most of them into identical city suits.

The possibility of driving across the globe or sailing round it to explore below the waves as well as above only underlines the fact that wherever you go, and whatever you do about it, there is nothing new under the sun.

MR SCOTT MEETS THE NOBS

By Philip Oakes

TIME AND PLACE. By George Scott, Staples. 16s. 220 pages.

OXFORD, said Mr Scott, was a place for The Nobbs. His son George agreed. Oxford was a long way from Middlesbrough, hard hit by the hungry Thirties. It was too far to travel.

Father sold his policies from door to door. Mother worked at the kitchen sink. The schoolboy games of cops and robbers were played in the back streets and the wind of the depression blew cold.

Ten years later, Officer Cadet George Scott—gorging himself on carrots to correct his short sight—looked his first on the Isle, with the Navy paying his way. His assignment was to absorb the background necessary for a future officer. And to do it in six months.

Scott—and many like him—met The Nobbs. He gurgled on carrots to correct his short sight—looked his first on the Isle, with the Navy paying his way. His assignment was to absorb the background necessary for a future officer. And to do it in six months.

Provocative

Scott is 31 years old. His experiment in autobiography, disclaiming any notion of recording the voice of his generation. But it is a lively, provocative account of coming of age in our own time.

Groomed by the Welfare State, his education began in the Pink decade. As a cub reporter he heard Harry Pollitt hammering for Communism. From his enthusiasm and then rejection of Communism, he came to the world's ill-fated Fleet Street. He became one of the most brilliant and forceful writers on the Daily Express. And he realised that The Nobbs are not what they were.

Now editor of the vigorous right-wing weekly magazine Truth, Scott is that trans-bird from an arid to the slumpy—the unrepentant young Conservative. Aggressive and inquiring, he views the world with a wary eye. "Nowadays," he writes, "we are cautious not to sing too loudly of our shining good fortune." The world around the corner still blows cold.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Turkey Day Topics

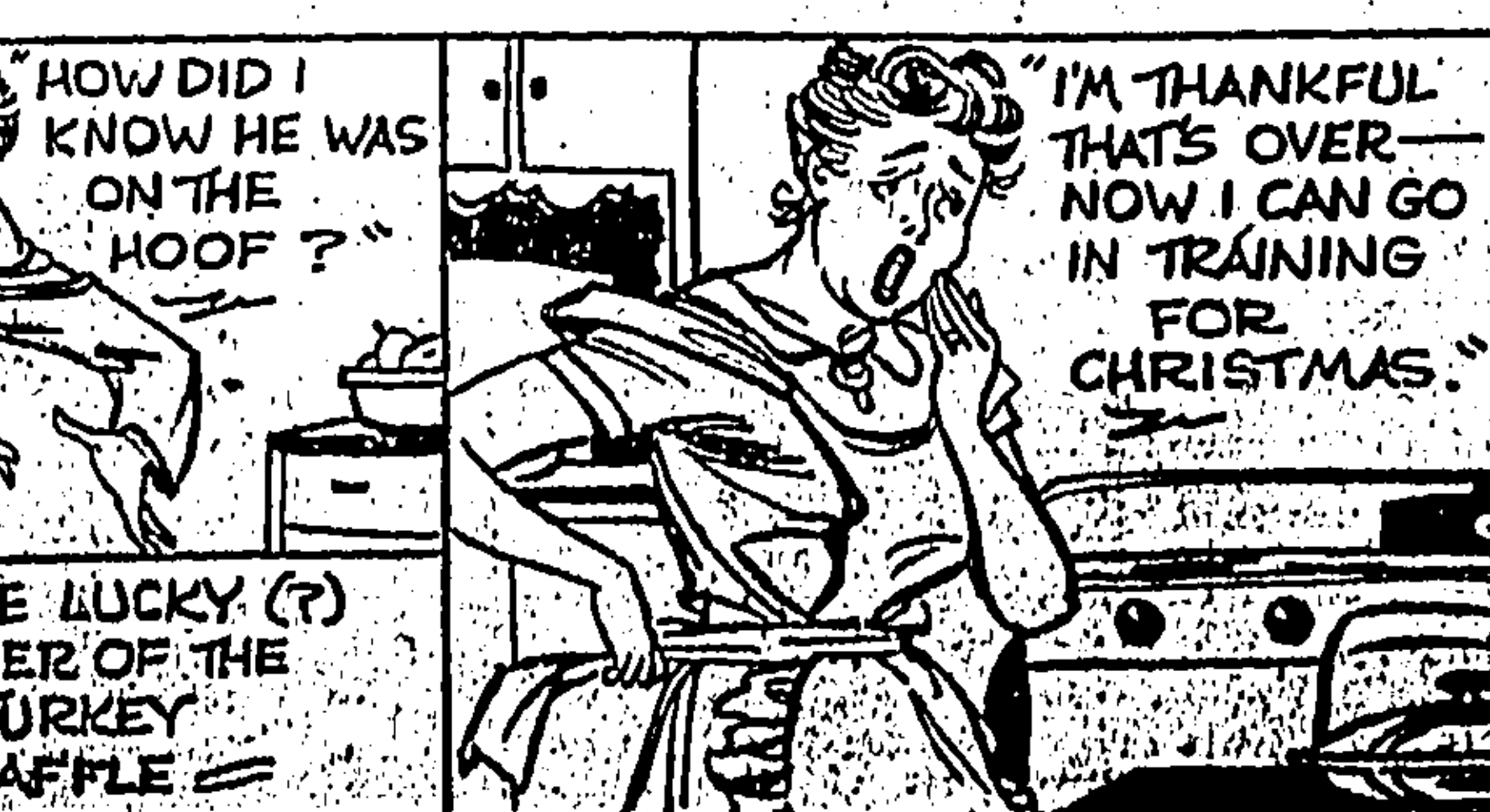
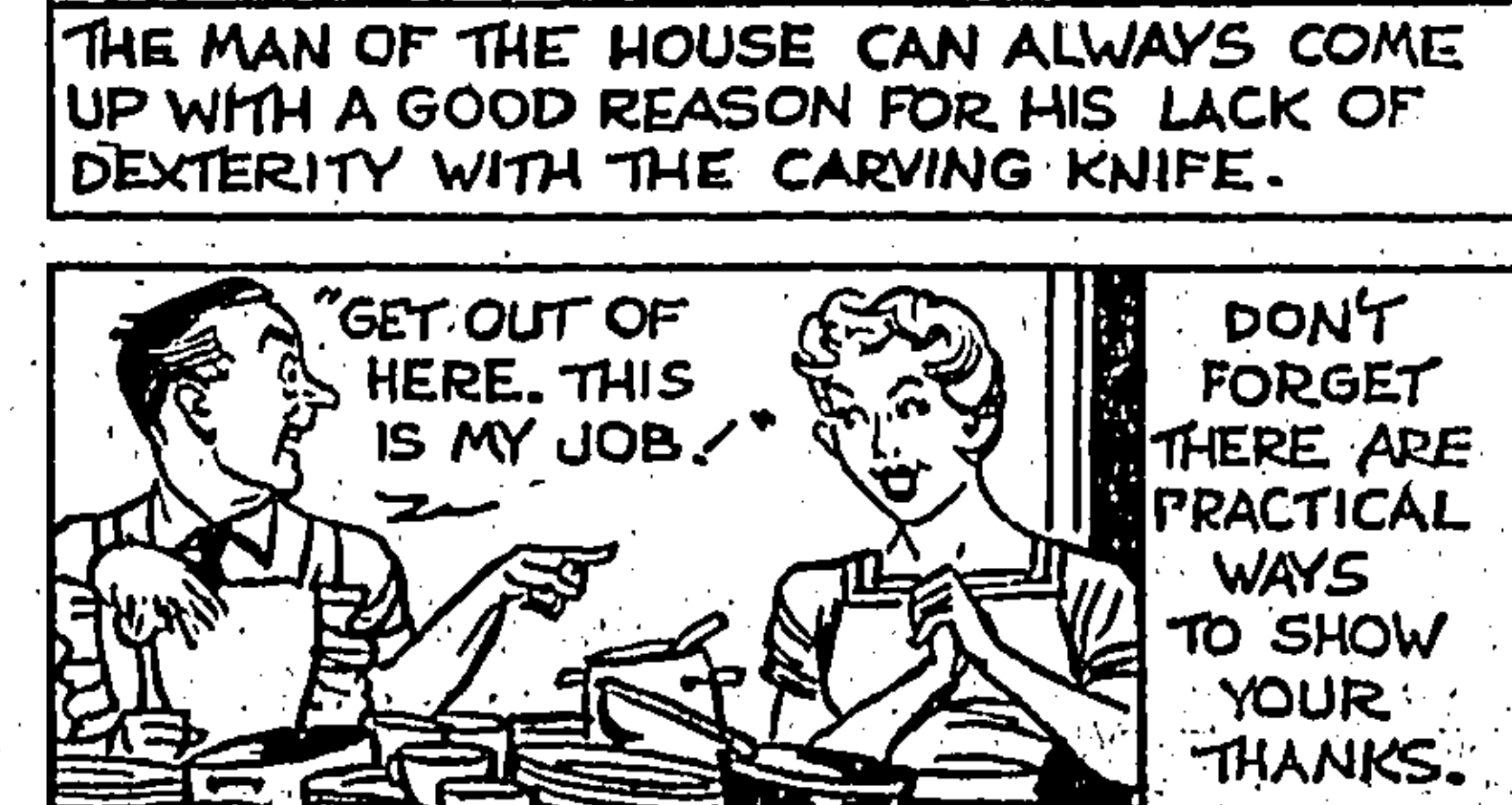
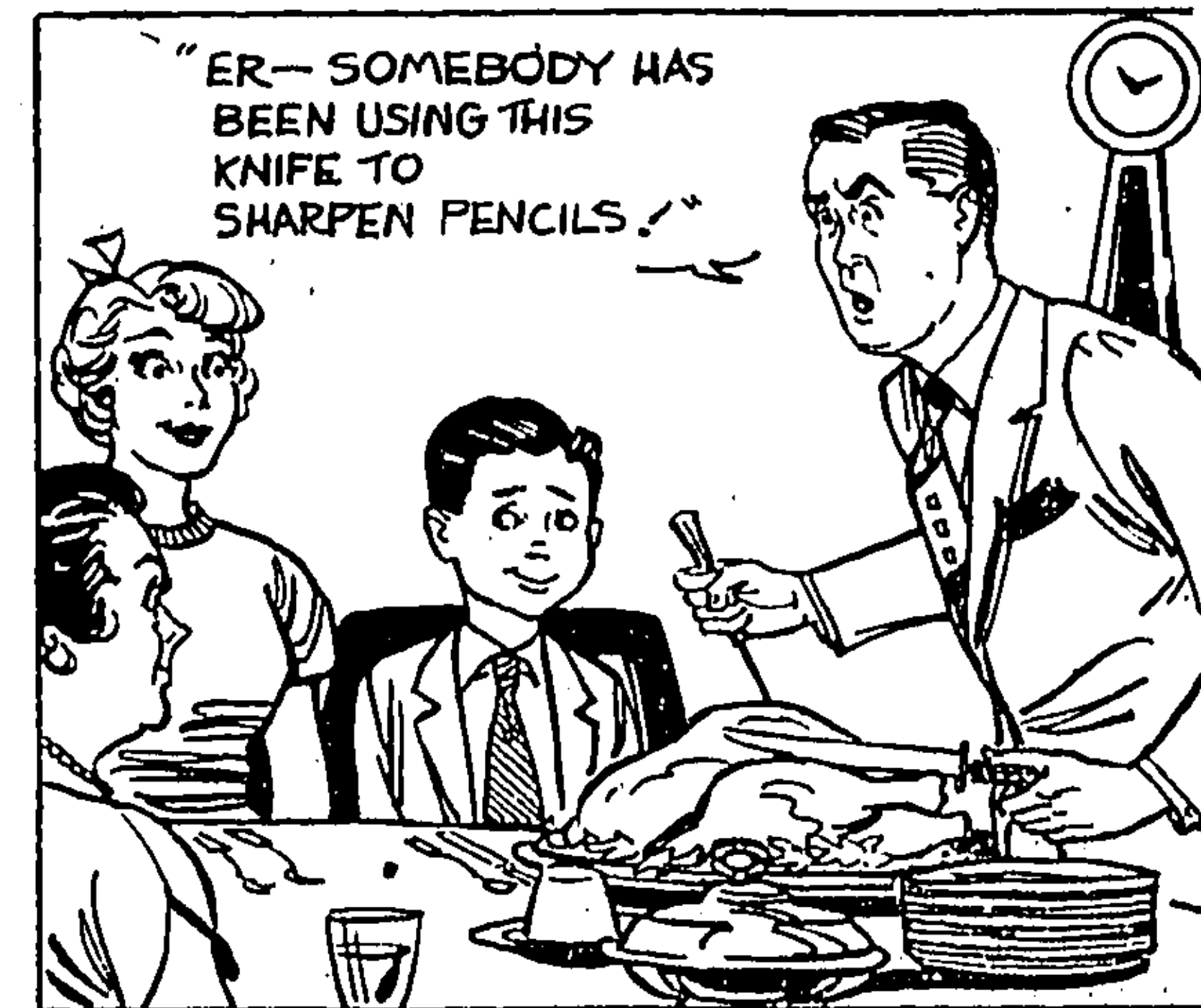
BY HARRY WEINERT



THE ANNUAL MINCE MEAT MYSTERY—OR THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING BRANDY.



BESIDES FEEDING THE WHOLE CLAN—HE IS ALSO EXPECTED TO REDECORATE THE HOUSE



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

14th Exhibition Of Hongkong Products

"THE DEEP BLUE SEA"

—INTERVIEW WITH DR ANTON BRUUN

Daily Round-up On Olympic Games

The 14th Exhibition of Hongkong Products, sponsored by the Chinese Manufacturer's Union, opens on Thursday. On Wednesday, listeners to "Women Only" at 5.30 can hear of some of the new products on display which will be of particular interest to women, and on Thursday at 6.30 p.m., a description of the Exhibition will be broadcast, including the opening speeches by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and Mr Haking Wang, Chairman of the Chinese Manufacturer's Union.

To most people, the sea is useful to sail on, swim in or fish from. But to the scientist the sea has a much deeper significance — the scientist questions the effect of large oceans on the weather, or the effect of differences in sea temperature on the size of shoals of fish.

A man with a deep interest in these and other marine problems is Dr Anton Bruun, Deputy Keeper of the University Zoological Museum, Copenhagen. Dr Bruun was in Hongkong recently on a UNESCO survey of work being done in marine research. On Tuesday, at 7.45 p.m., Radio Hongkong is broadcasting a talk he had while he was here with Donald Brooks.

"WIFE FOR SALE"

A play based on a story by Chekhov called "Wife for Sale" can be heard at 9.15 p.m. on November 28 in "Wednesday Theatre".

As the title suggests the story is about a middle aged minor official in a Russian provincial capital who sells his young, pretty and flirtatious wife to a wealthy young admirer.

This play, under the name of "Live Merchandise", appeared in 1882 while Chekhov was still a medical student, and five years before he turned his talents towards the playhouse.

From the translation of this plot David Tulev has based the story of "Wife for Sale". Those taking part are Helen Cushing, Marjorie Westbury, Derek Guyler, and the production is by Charles Lefaux.

ST CECILIA CONCERT

Last Thursday Radio Hongkong broadcast the first part of a BBC Concert given at the Royal Festival Hall in London, in honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

In Sunday Concert, at 9.15 p.m., listeners may hear the second part of this programme arranged in honour of the patron saint of music. The programme includes "Fantasy for a Festival Occasion" by Arthur Benjamin and the Overture "In the South" by Sir Edward Elgar.

RECITAL

Listeners who are interested in singing will be glad to know that Joan Hadland, whose soprano voice is much admired in Hongkong for its range and power, will give another recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong, at 9.30 p.m. on Monday.

Accompanied by Moya Ren, she will sing an attractive cycle by Michael Head, who paid a visit to Hongkong last year, as Schools Music Examiner.

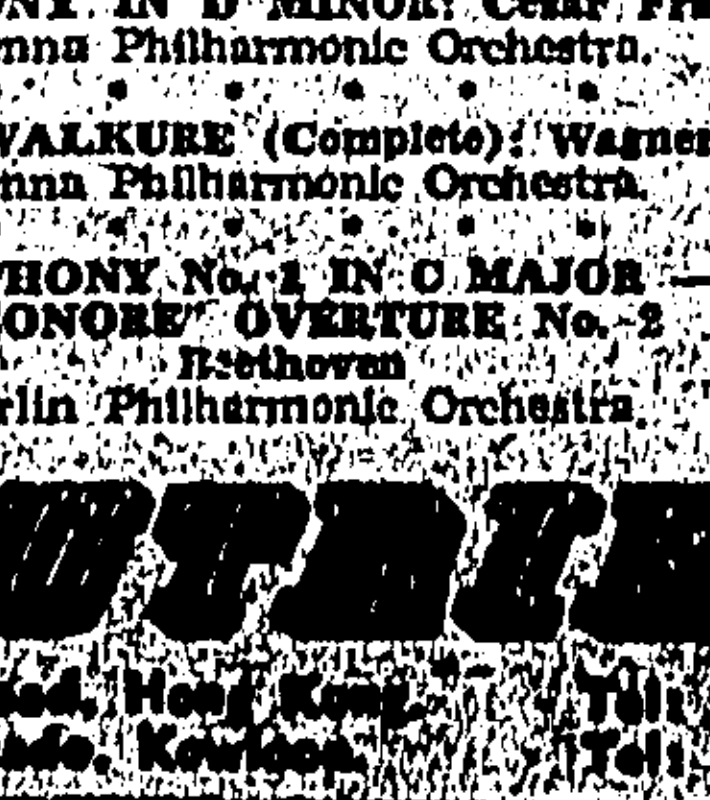
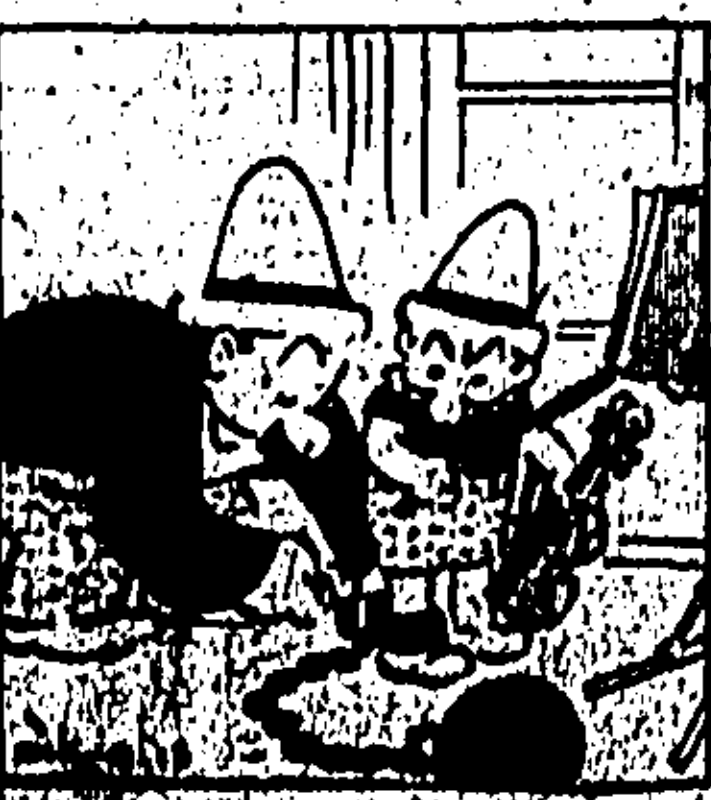
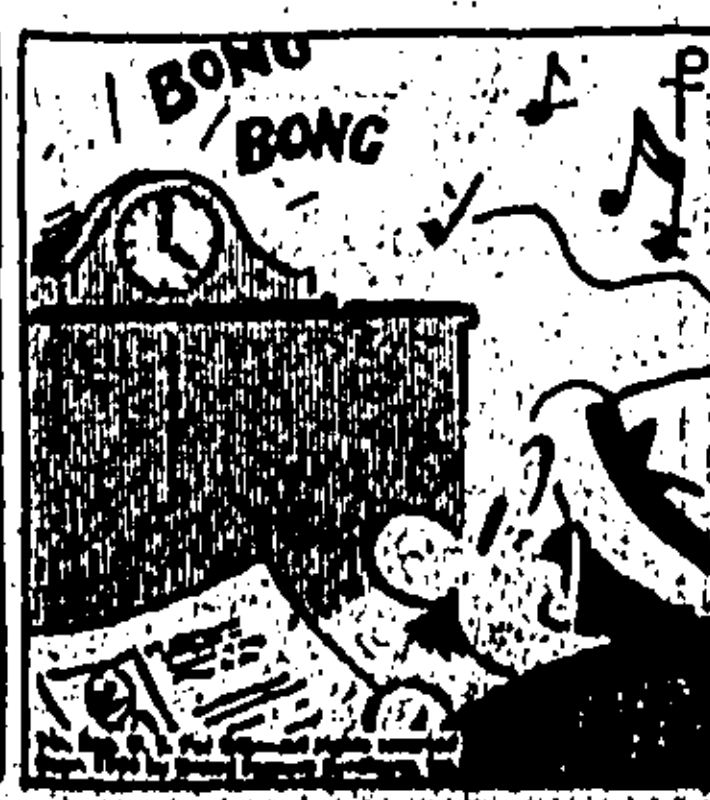
This group of four songs is called "Over the rim of the moon". Also in Joan Hadland's programme are two songs in the Chinese style by Granville Bantock — "Young Yang" and "The Feast of Lanterns".

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
1.30 ROBERT FARNON AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
1.45 THE NEWS.
1.55 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.05 STUDIO "JUST FOR YOU" — LISTENERS' REQUESTS.
2.10 DANNY KAYE SINGERS' SELECTIONS FROM "THE COUSIN WATKINS" ORCHESTRA, conducted by Vic.
2.15 FORCES' CHOICE.
2.20 PRESENTED BY DAVE MCCREARY.
2.25 THE NEWS.
2.30 A TALK BY WILLIAM GRANTLEY, O.B.E., M.C.

Ferdinand



Sunday

10.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.15 "MORNING MELODY" Van Lynn and his Orchestra.
10.30 FRED WARRING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIA. With piano and orchestra.
11.00 SERVICE FROM THE STUDIO. Conducted by the Rev. D. GILLHAM, D.A.
11.45 MORNING FROM MEMORIES. With piano and orchestra.
12.15 P.M. KURT WELLMER. With piano and orchestra.
12.30 MASTERS OF MELODY. With piano and orchestra.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.15 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary Thacker.
1.45 THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES. A programme of music played by Carroll Gibbons and his orchestra.
2.00 MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS. Chorus from "Carnegie".
2.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

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SATURDAY, NOV. 24

6.30 P.M. MUSIC WHILE YOU REST.
6.45 THE XVII OLYMPIC GAMES. A recorded report from Melbourne, illustrated with commentaries on some of the highlights of the day's events.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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WEEK-END SOFTBALL

SAINTS WILL BE A STIFF HURDLE TOMORROW TO USS GARDINER'S BAY

By "TIME-OUT"

The USS Gardiner's Bay, behind the windmilling right arm of ace hurler McMaster, will be facing another stiff hurdle in their quest for the Pennant when they cross bats with Bimbi Ablong's Saint Joseph's in tomorrow's main Softball League attraction at 11.00 a.m.

Fans who witnessed the hammering of the Pandas last week by this squad of goths may be assured of another thrill-packed encounter, as the Joeys are noted fighters and tomorrow's clash will be more of a prestige-builder to this unit of old-timers.

Playing a secondary role to the feature game is the Kenneth Chui's Pandas who come out to protect their clean slate against the weekend Nam Wah boys. Still licking their wounds from last week's exhibition game, the Pandas are expected to give no quarter when they take on their perennial rivals at 3.30 p.m.

After a fast-moving preliminary round, the Junior League's main time this week with only two games featured. Raising the curtain on this afternoon's play are the South China Laddies when they meet the disheveled Lion Cubs contingent at 2.00 p.m. Mario "Red" Pereira's Cheyennes, as yet undefeated, should notch another win to their string when they take on the Overseas at 3.30 p.m.

As was shown in recent outings, the USS Gardiner's Bay team is definitely not the same squad that suffered a severe 27-0 drubbing from one of our local teams, for in a friendly against the unbeaten H.K. Pandas last week, the Gardiner's Bay proved their superiority with a convincing 6-3 triumph.

AMONG THE GREATEST

Big man in this outfit is regular hurler McMaster who makes his job seem so easy. With pinpoint accuracy and curving curves included in his repertoire of "sizzlers", McMaster has established himself among the greatest pitchers to hit this colony, to stand shoulder to shoulder with pitchers like Ernie Tuttle, the late Jack Cramer and Wisdom.

Plugging up the receiving half of this battery is Matthews, an impregnable unit of defence behind the plate. Fleet-footed first-sacker Corbin is a master at his post with his unusual sense of judgment, allowing him to find the sack from any playable position. Other stars in the infield are McHilde at the key-stone, reliable Lucich at the windy-valley and Kenny, solid as a rock on the defensive and on at the bat, in the hot corner.

Forming the arrowhead of their attack is the power-packed outfield trio of Lack, Kern and Hutchings. Lack patrols the area at left, while Kern and Hutchings roam centre and right fields respectively.

Left-hander A. R. Sallen, who posts the mound banner for the Joeys tomorrow, will be in for a load of trouble if the Navy "guns" get their sights trained on his slow server. With little speed, backing up his deliveries, Sallen will have to rely mainly on the undaunting of either "Red" Pereira or J. Quinn Colloco to call them to the batters' weaknesses.

In their inner line of defence, a quartet of veteran stars decorates the diamond as husky Dave Leonard covers the initial sack and crafty Artur Ozorio guards second. Benny Onat, twice winner of the MVP award, is a tremendous factor around third base while shortstop will probably feature ever-reliable Claude "Duke" Truitt.

SOMEWHAT DWARFED
In the outfield, mentor Ablong will in all probability start Gussie Pereira at left, fleet-footed A. G. Ismail at centre and steady Manile Xavier at right. Though possessing quite a formidable nine, this outfit's

power when matched against that of the Navy will seem somewhat dwarfed and the Saints will have to depend on their many years of experience to grab every break that comes their way.

In the afternoon game at 3.30 p.m., the Hongkong Pandas are expected to notch up their fourth consecutive victory at the expense of their age-old rivals, South China, as this year's Nam Wah squad is but a shade of their not so past when every season found them battling it out among the leaders.

Doomed for the cellar spot this season, the South China lads will be out in earnest to capture their maiden win, but one can hardly expect it to come tomorrow against the unbeaten Pandas. Panda skipper Jackie Wei will have a big say in the matter as he faces them with three wins and no defeats and with stars Y.S. Liang, Wally Ma, Raymond Tso and Lem Ping ably backing him in the attack. Kenneth Chui's lads should trample over their opponents with a runaway victory.

THE PROGRAMME

Today

2.00 p.m. S. China vs. Lions Cubs (G. Pang and J. other; E. Tso).

3.30 p.m. Overseas vs. Cheyennes (Bob Low, Venny Chan; G. Pang).

Tomorrow

11.00 a.m. Saints vs. U.S. NAVY (E. D. Robbins, Y. C. Wong; H. A. Stewart).
3.30 p.m. Pandas vs. S. China (A. E. Ablong, F. Diesta; Peter Law).

Sports Diary

Today

First Day of the Fourth Race Meeting at Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

Interport. — All H.K. v Singapore at Hongkong Stadium, 3.30 p.m.
Junior Shield. — Club v CMN (Club), RAMC v KMB (BS), RIL v Telephone (Navy), Caroline Hill v South China (GII) all matches at 2.15 p.m.

Cricket
1st Division. — Army South v RAF, CCC v Scorpions, Optimists v KCC, IRC v Recreio, Police v Army North.

2nd Division. — Army North v Police, DSS v KCC Waipia, Navy v KGV, Recreio v IRC, RAF v Army South, University v Dockyard.

Hockey
Ladies' League. — Grenlins "A" v Kings (BS), 2.30 p.m.; Victorians v Recreio "A", (HIV) 3 p.m.; KGV v Grenlins "B", (BS) 4 p.m.

Marksman Wanted

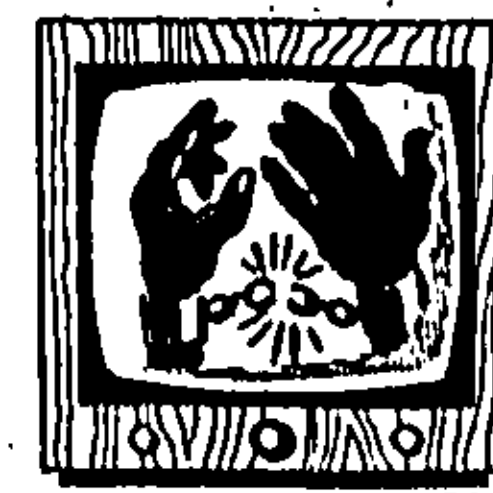
Elton Rangers play in the Manchester Amateur League, and have had quite a successful season. It would have been much better, however, if they had taken all their chances. Up to now they have missed 12 of the 14 penalties awarded them!

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. The sixteenth.
2. 1898, in Athens.
3. 1,500 Metres in 1936, 5,000 Metres in 1948, and 400 Metres in 1948.
4. Dorando, full name Dorando Pietri.
5. Yes, in the First Games of 1924.
6. Yachtsmen.
7. Wrestlers.
8. 200 metres.
9. Putting the shot.
10. 100 Metres, Marathon and 1,500 Metres.

Soccer Secretary

Barnsley Football Supporters' Club has a flourishing membership, and its Hon. Secretary is Miss Janet Medlock, an eighteen year old enthusiast. She is also a secretary at the local hospital. Miss Medlock organises outings to away matches, whilst drives, dances, summer excursions etc. and the Club has given the parent body nearly £10,000 in the last five years.

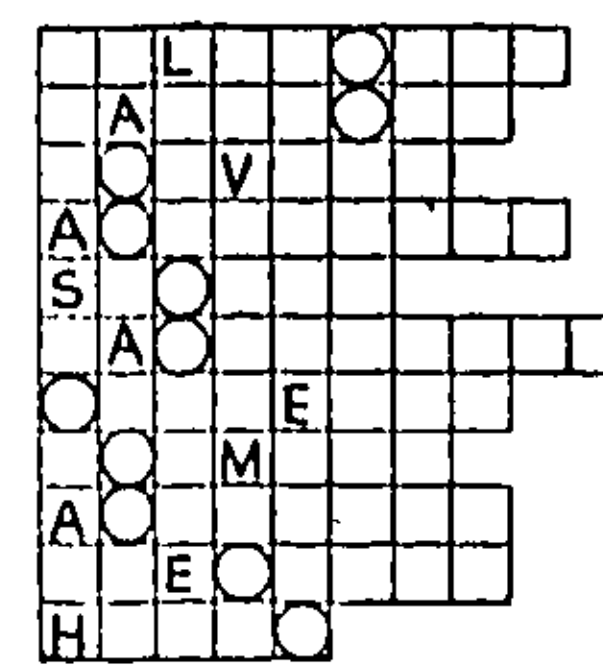


- 1 They come behind
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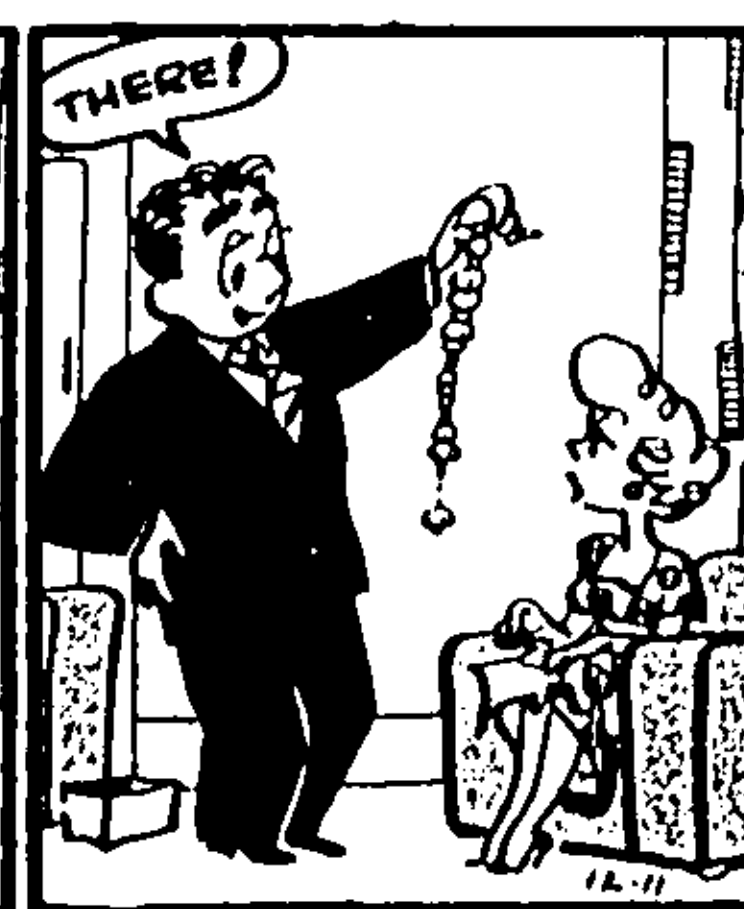
Solution on back Page

NAMESAKES

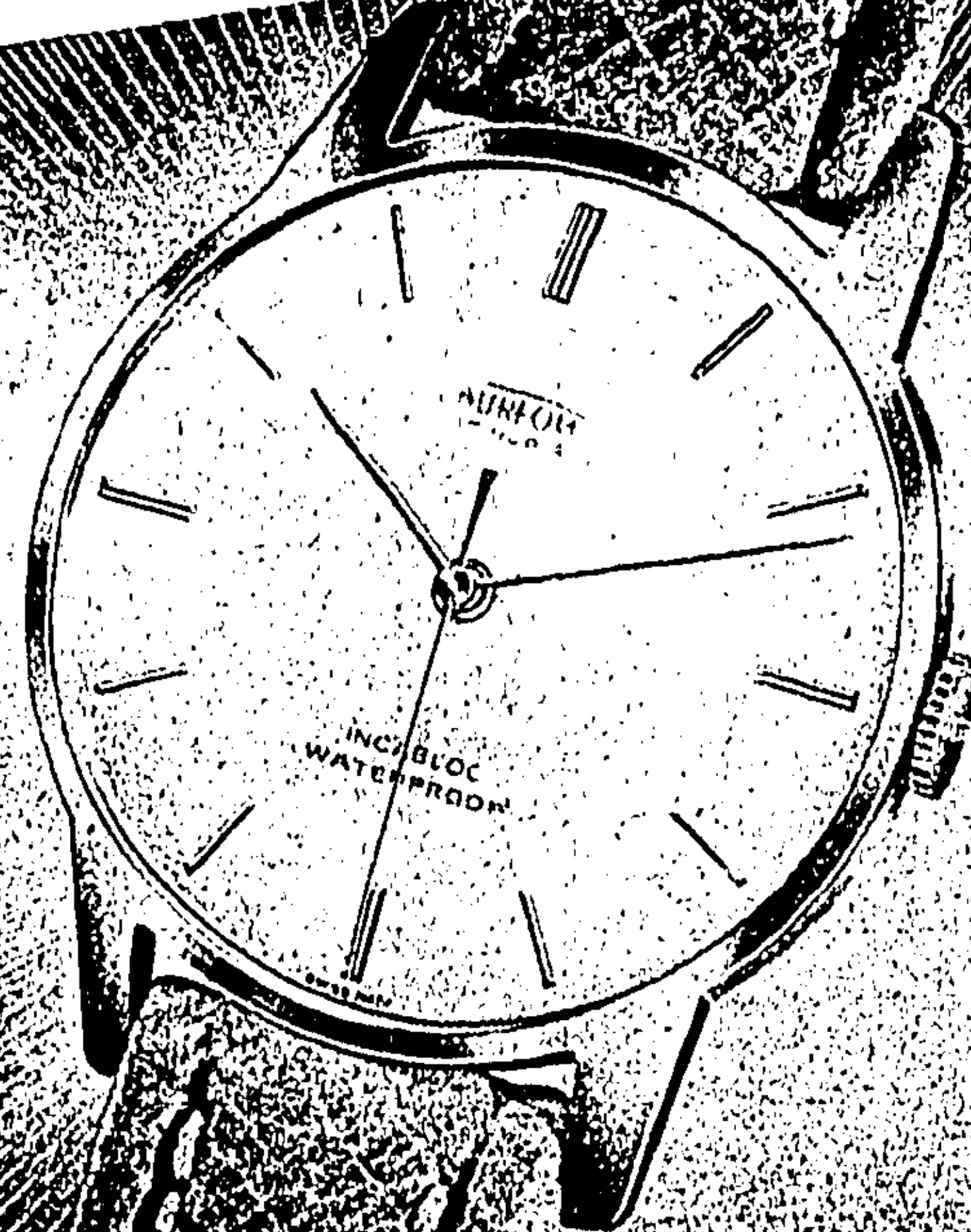
INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



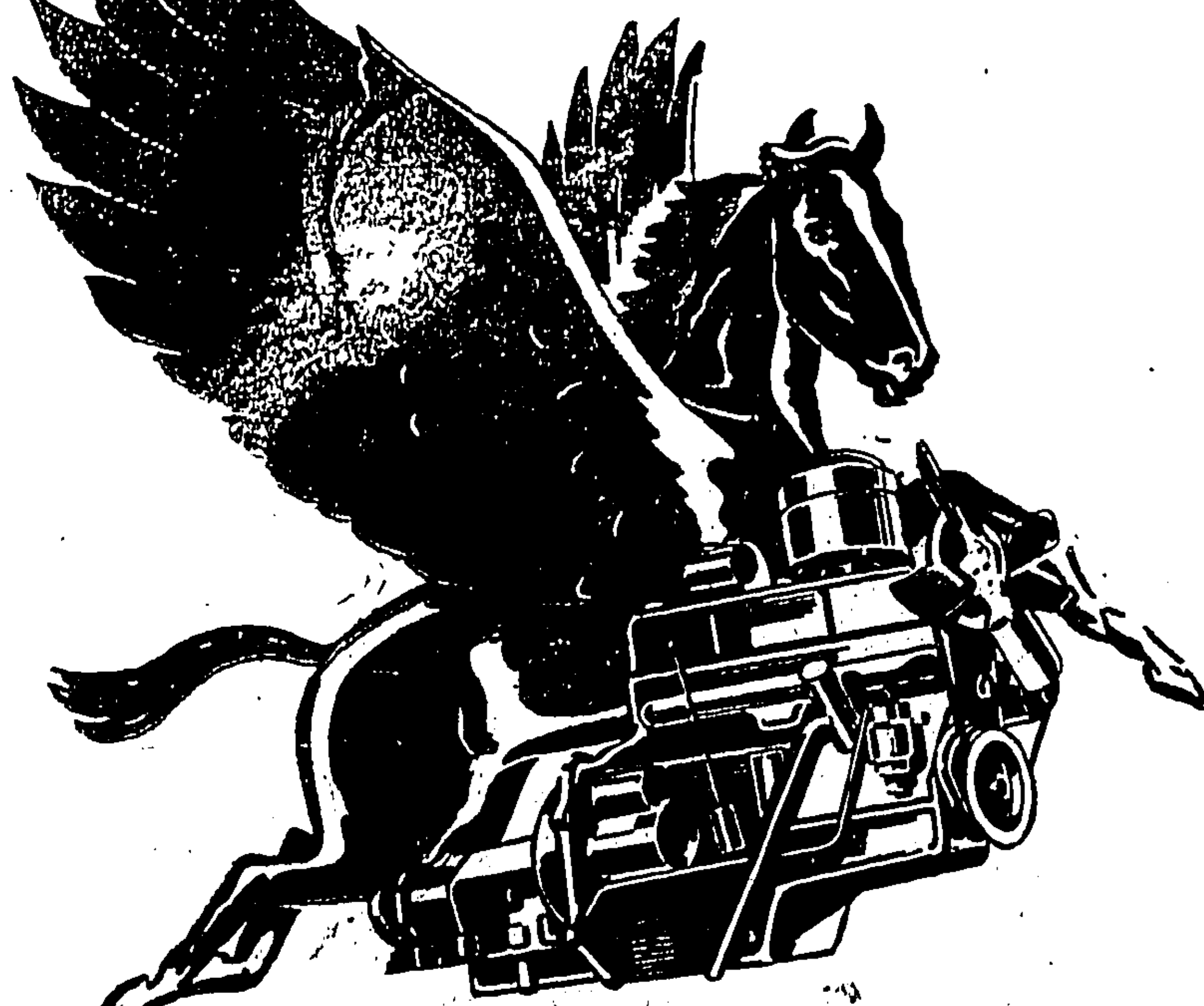
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NEW MOBILGAS SPECIAL with MC4 is the most powerful gasoline ever sold in Hong Kong. It cuts motoring costs—adds years to engine life. Modern high-compression engines need it to develop full top octane power. Amazing MC4 helps the gasoline to deliver better all-around performance, more miles per gallon and longer engine life. Try it and be convinced!

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(Incorporated with limited liability in the U.S.A.)LOOK FOR THE WHITE
AND RED PUMP

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24

BORN today, you have your full share of fine qualifications for a successful life, yet there are hindrances which you will need to overcome if you are to become everything which the stars promise. You have a keen mind, but are inclined to become too easily discouraged if things do not go your own way. You are willing to make a real effort when you are keenly interested in something, but will become temperamental and preoccupied if you are forced into doing anything against your will.

You seem to be cool and collected—sometimes too much so. It is just as well to show some spontaneity if you are to encourage others and stimulate them into helping you develop your new ideas. You have considerable originality but lack the natural inclination to show enthusiasm. Without this, you will find that life is often flat and unexciting. It is likely that your life runs in alternating cycles of good and ill fortune. Act at once on things during the winter and summer months, when you seem to be at your best.

Loyal and devoted in love and friendship, you may find that you need to be a little more demonstrative in showing your affections if you are to gain the support of your friend. When it comes to romance, you may find that the one you love has no idea of your intentions. Learn to speak up for yourself or you may lose out in the one true love of your life.

Among those born on this date were: Dorothy L. Sayers, a philosopher; Zachary Taylor, U.S. President; Eugene O'Neill, a playwright; John F. Kennedy, U.S. President; and many others.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is a day of rest and relaxation. At the end of the day, this morning may bring a renewed inspiration.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—After a busy week, this is a day to relax and rebuild your energy. You may go to another job at this time.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Let this be a day of rest and relaxation. There are times when a change of pace is highly important to your well-being.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Let this be a day of rest and relaxation. Take things easy. You may group in the afternoon in an inspirational discussion.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—You may need additional stimulation to do your best in the days to come. Seek renewed inspiration from a new source.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Church attendance this morning will give you the inspiring message that you need for continuing your enthusiasm for life.

BORN today, you are one of those independent souls who think things through to their own conclusions, act on them, and in addition think that others should also act in line with their decisions. You are apt to be a little more arbitrary in this regard than many. In the long run, the chances are that you are correct, but you will get more co-operation in the early stages if you will present your ideas with enthusiasm. Make suggestions rather than giving orders.

Although you appear to be capable of coping in a practical fashion with the material problems of the world, there is also a mystical streak in your nature. You sometimes withdraw from active participation and retreat to your inner world to think things through carefully. Then you come down again, prepared to give battle again for the things you care most about in life. Some people seem to think it is money alone. This is far from the truth. You feel that those who have wealth have a responsibility to society in sharing with others who are unable but not so fortunate.

Quick-tempered in youth, it is likely that you will learn the lesson of self-control, for you will find that you can accomplish more in that way than by throwing a fit of temper. Your emotions are warm toward your loved ones. Your marriage should be a happy and contented one.

Among those born on this date were: Ben Lindsey, noted jurist; Andrew Carnegie, philanthropist; Ethelbert Nevin, composer; Henry Stangen and Charles Turner, painters; Lewis M. Rutherford, astronomer; and Margaret Lavender, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A hectic day with many appointments, but it is likely that the business aspects of your career are highlighted.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you are patient and co-operative, you will avoid friction at the office and everything should go along on schedule.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Social affairs may conflict with business matters, but try to reconcile the two differing interests for best results.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—There is added stimulation on the job today that you need to approach everything with considered caution.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Combine all your interests in one consolidated pattern of activity. Things are booming; make a careful schedule.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A brand new idea may lead to a promotion. Be careful in what you say or write. Don't commit yourself unless very sure of all the facts.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Hang on to that high temper of yours. There may be pressures, so be prepared to consider all angles with care.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—This day can produce fine results if only you will be careful to make a plan and stick to your schedule.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be wise this morning. Make decisions only after careful consideration of all the important problems involved.

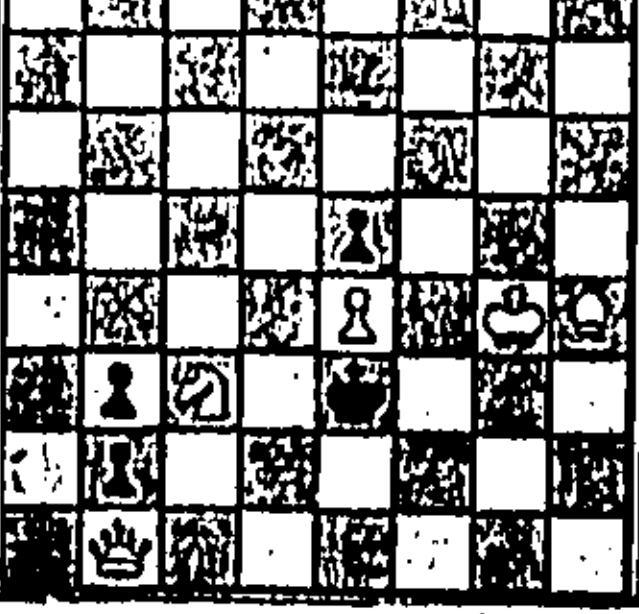
VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Prospects are good, but there are hindrances in the early morning. After noon, things should be much better.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There is a little ey toward fun and happy action. Take your time about everything and all works out well for you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Self-control in all matters involving the control of others will go a long way in solving personal perplexities.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



A problem by G. Heathcote (Reading Observer, 1904).

White mates in three.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

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